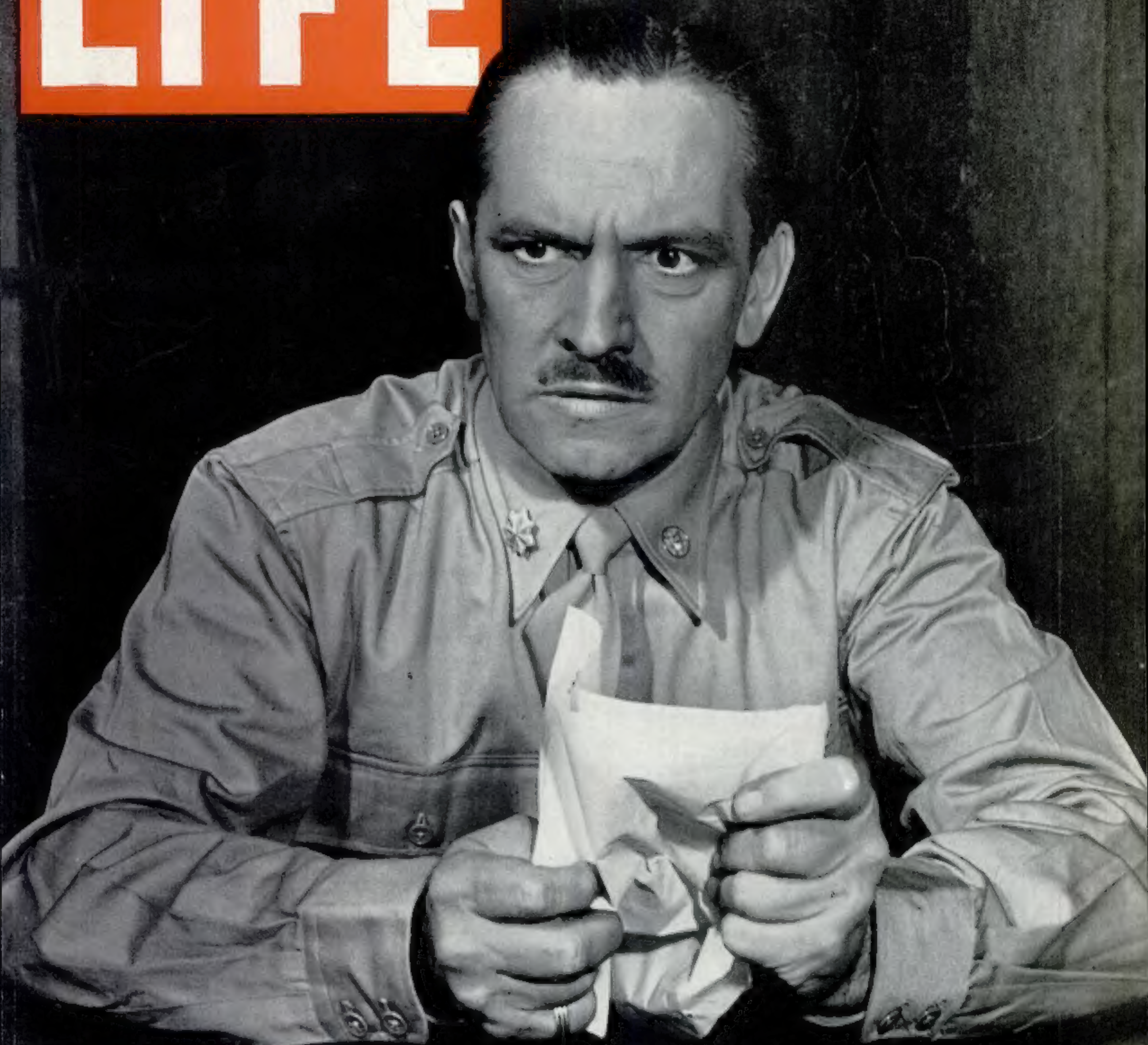


LIFE



MAJOR JOppoLO IN
"A BELL FOR ADANO"

DECEMBER 18, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Bright Future

Look ahead . . . to the room

you've always wished for . . . a gay carnival of color from floors to walls to cabinets bright with sparkling towels that delight the touch. For, of course, upon their crystal shelves will be a wonderful new towel wardrobe designed by Cannon for perfect use and beauty and priced to suit your own post-war pocketbook.

Meanwhile, we know you're appreciating the long-lived color and quality of your present Cannon towels. And that you'll draw sparingly upon the limited store selections now available. Because Cannon is the world's leading towel maker, we can promise you our new colors and patterns, as they come, will far exceed your rosiest expectations both in style and traditional Cannon value no matter what you pay. So plan that room — and put by War Bonds to make your plan come true.



Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS

CANNON HOSIERY

WAR BONDS will build a room like this and Cannon will furnish it with the thrillingly color-schemed and patterned matched sets of bath and face

towels, wash cloths, finger-tip towels, bath mats and rugs you will select — as soon as our Armed Forces no longer need so much of our production.

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Teaching trucks good posture

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

EVER drive behind a loaded truck that was leaning heavily to one side? Looked hazardous, didn't it? And it *was* . . . especially for the tires.

"Poor posture" in trucks is often the result of unequal load distribution . . . more weight on one side than the other or more weight in front than in back. Even if this unequal distribution is imperceptible to the eye it causes one tire to do more than its share of the work and premature tire failure follows.

For years thousands of tires on trucks all over the country were wearing out before their time from this cause alone . . . in spite of the diligent efforts of fleet owners to correct the condition.

Then B. F. Goodrich, drawing on many years of experience in handling the tire maintenance problems of large bus fleets, originated the B. F. Goodrich Tire Conservation Service for fleet operators.

Under this comprehensive, point-

by-point program, factory-trained tire specialists take over the complete supervision of your tire care. They check for unequal load distribution as the man is doing in the picture above. They detect mismatched duals, misaligned wheels, and improperly inflated tires. In other words, they know where to look for tire trouble and how to stop it before it starts.

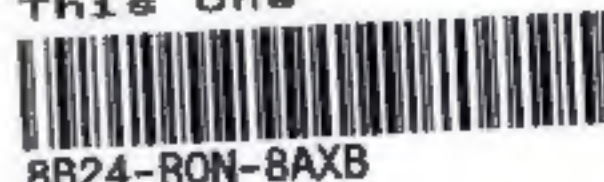
Dozens of fleet owners who are now using this low-cost service report savings in rubber, mileage, and money. Their typical comments range all the way from "the number of failures has been reduced 60%" to "we believe we

will show a 25% savings."

Only a few trained men are available to take over a limited number of additional fleets in certain areas. If you would like to know how this unusual tire conservation plan can increase your truck fleet tire mileage, write the Tire Conservation Dept., The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio. For good truck tires see the local B. F. Goodrich dealer.

B.F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

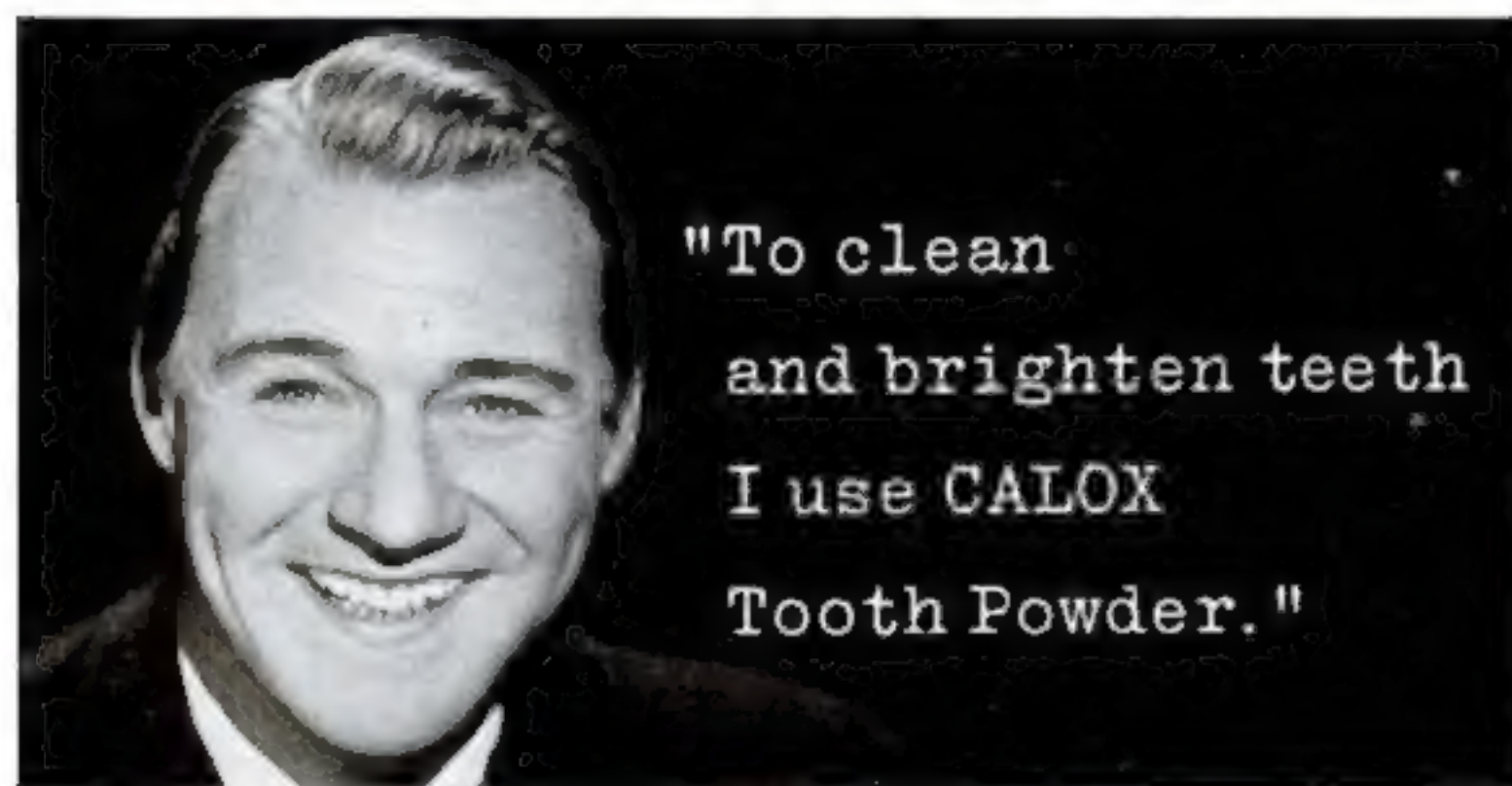
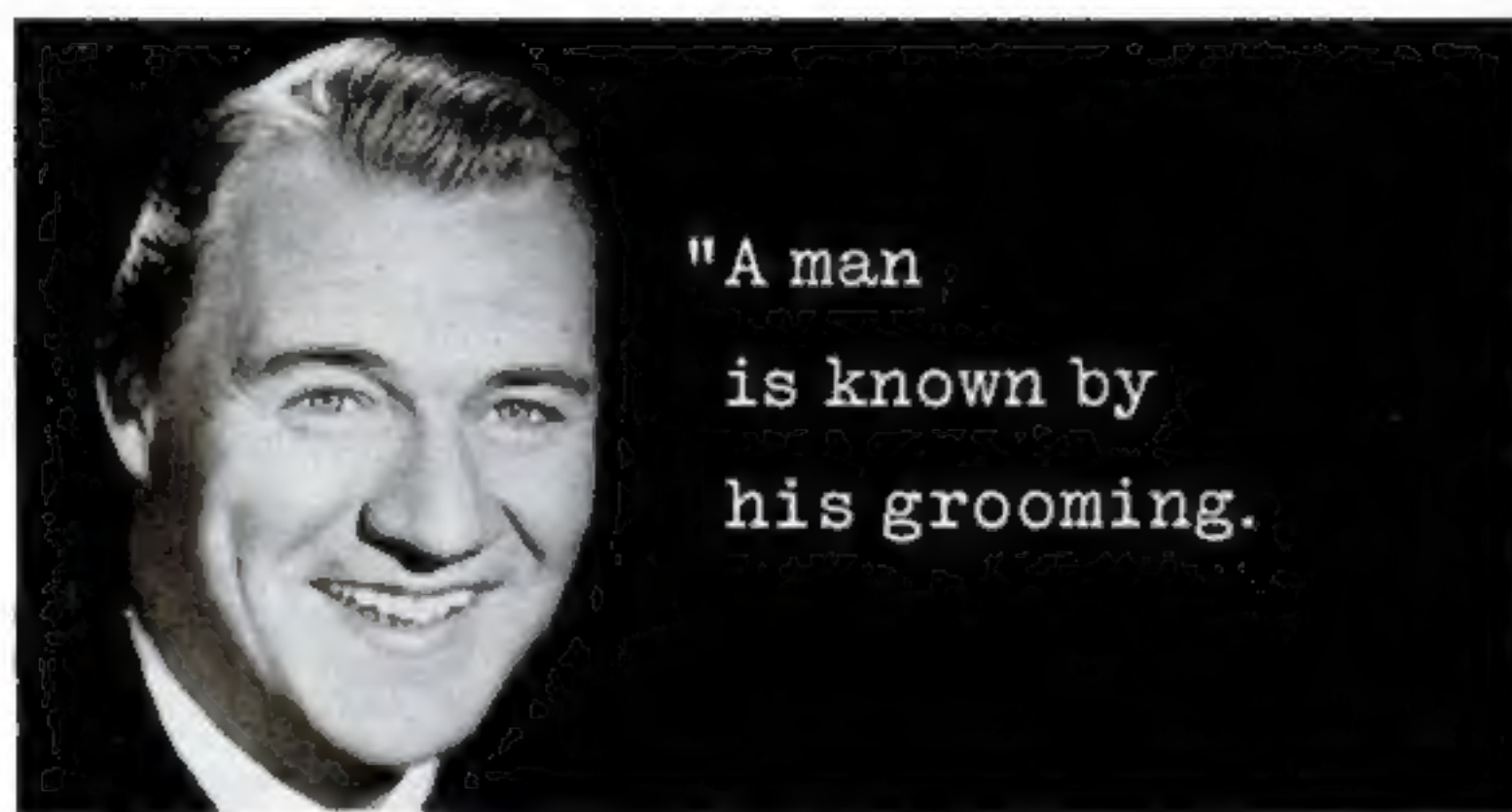
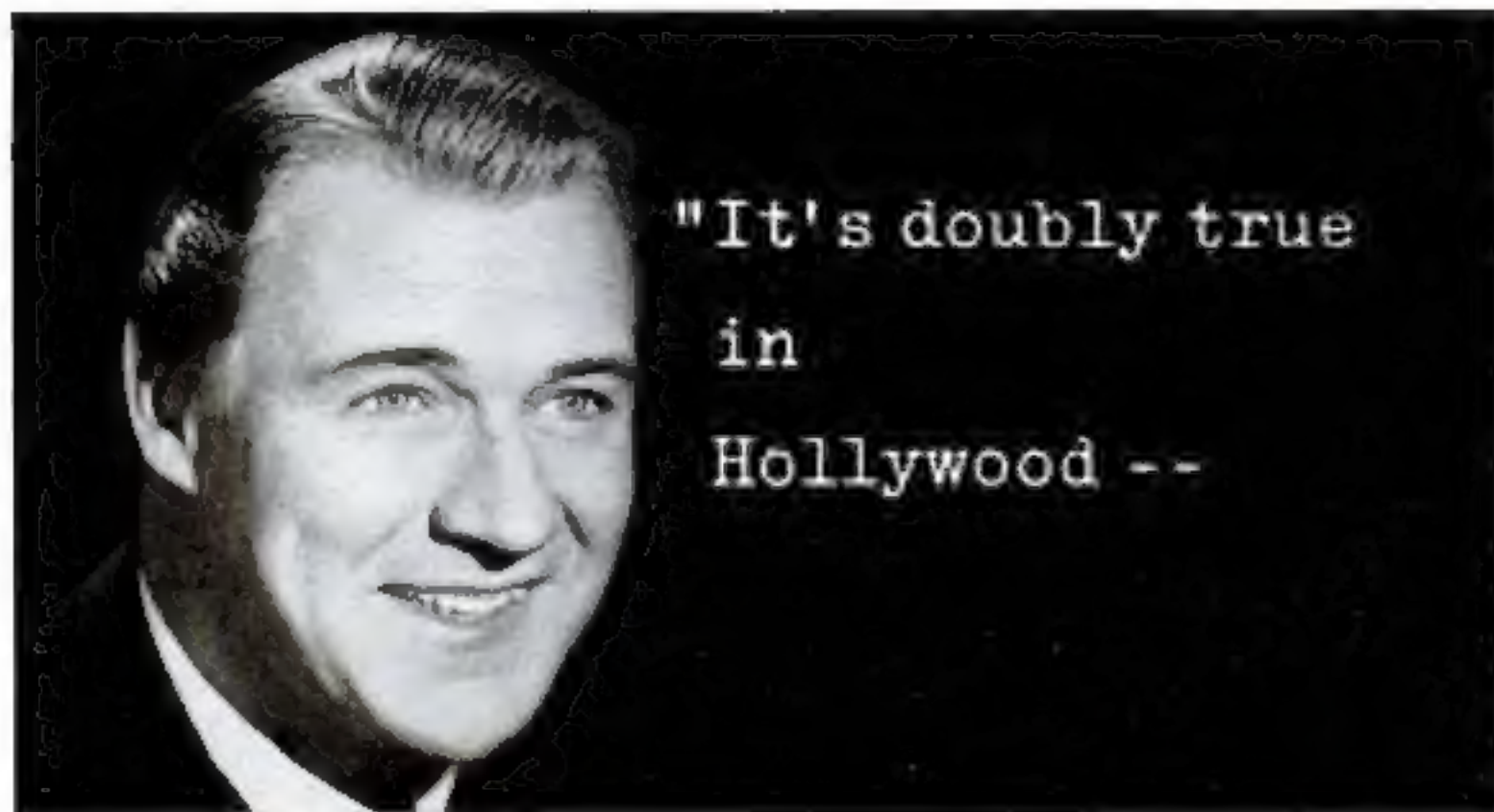
This One



8B24-RON-8AXB

SONNY TUFTS speaking:

Co-Star of "HERE COME THE WAVES," a Paramount picture



A dentist's

Calox was developed by a dentist. Look for these Calox features:

Contains 5 cleansing & polishing ingredients. Yes, Calox is a multiple-action powder—to help you remove all those surface stains.

Calox is gentle. Contains no harsh particles because Calox is double-



dentifrice

sifted through 100-mesh silk screen.

A cool, clean taste. So pleasant it encourages regular use. Children love it!

Made by a famous laboratory, McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—with 111 years' experience in making fine drugs.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

STOP
GO

whatever you're doing
Sunday night at 8:30 P.M. EWT

to your radio and tune in
JOE E. BROWN on "STOP or GO"
the quiz-bang show!

REMEMBER SUNDAY NIGHTS 8:30 P.M. EWT BLUE NETWORK

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

WHAT THE GERMANS DID TO GREECE

Sirs:

One of the best things about your article "What the Germans Did to Greece" (LIFE, Nov. 27) is that in each headline you spoke of the Germans rather than the Nazis. This is an excellent practice, long overdue in the American press.

WILFRID M. KEARNS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

You have rendered a valuable service to Greece by bringing her questions to the attention of the American people in whom, in our opinion, rest all the hopes for justice to small nations.

NICK G. SPELL
Chairman

American-Hellenic Committee
for Justice to Greece
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

Several months ago Bing Crosby returned home from overseas sprouting an oversized beard.

In your story on Greece I came face to face with the photograph of Ares, guerrilla chief of Greece, and I was struck with his amazing resemblance to Bing.

GEORGE MCCURRACH

Brooklyn, N.Y.



ARES



BING

"MY COUNTRY"

Sirs:

My sincere thanks to you for *My Country* by Russell W. Davenport (LIFE, Nov. 27).

As long as there are people like Mr. Davenport there is hope that the world will eventually find a cure for its ills, its racial hatreds, its greed.

EDITH PRANSKY

Mattapan, Mass.

CIGARET SHORTAGE

Sirs:

Your article "U. S. Runs Short of Cigarets" (LIFE, Nov. 27) says that cellophane wrappings indicate that cigarettes were made months ago, before the wrappings were discontinued. I thought this sentence would give many people the impression that all cigarettes with cellophane wrapping are months old. When I arrived at work in a cigar

store) I found I was correct. My employer was having a heated argument with a customer who claimed we had been hoarding cigarettes and were releasing them now. There was cellophane on our cigarettes and he had a copy of LIFE.

GUY JOHN MUSSETTI

Rutland, Vt.

● Cellophane wrappings are an indication neither of fresh stock nor of hoarding. Under a WPB ruling of June 8, 1942 cellophane was discontinued except for packages without foil. On Dec. 5, 1944 the restriction was lifted.—L.D.

Sirs:

One of your captions reads, "Learned Chicago druggist says 'no' in nine different languages." Either the druggist



DRUGGIST'S SIGN

isn't so learned or I can't count because there are only eight languages.

STEPHEN FLESCH

New York, N.Y.

● The nine languages listed were:

- English
- German
- Yiddish
- French
- Russian
- Spanish-Italian
- Greek
- Slavic.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
December 18, 1944

Volume 17
Number 25



**Powerful Secret Weapon—
Spearhead of Invasion!**

THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR

Called the "Staghound" by the British

THE CHEVROLET-BUILT ARMORED CAR is perhaps one of the best-kept secrets of this war. Ever since the North Africa campaign these unique cars have been in action in Europe, yet only recently have we been permitted to tell you about them.

Thousands in Action

Chevrolet designed and built several thousand of these 14-ton roving fortresses for the British, and, while details of construction are still a secret (because none of them has yet been captured by the enemy), we can tell you that it has *the speed of a passenger car, the firepower of a tank and the armor of a mobile fortress.*

Its hull is so strong that it can "carry on" even if one wheel is blasted off by enemy gunfire. Its tires are exceptionally shell- and bullet-resistant.

RANGE—It can range over 500 miles without refueling, dropping its outside jettison

gas tanks when entering combat, and continuing on gasoline from its protected tanks inside the armored hull.

FIREPOWER—It mounts cannon and machine guns, carries grenades and smoke mortars. *It is one of the unique and most deadly mobile weapons of this war.*

Work Began Three Years Ago

Over three years ago Chevrolet, working in close cooperation with the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army, began designing and building these 14-ton monster cars to help spearhead the Allied invasion.

Chevrolet is proud of the record these armored cars are making in the war—proud of the way Chevrolet's thousands of workers have kept this secret weapon a *secret!*—proud of this outstanding contribution to Chevrolet's all-out program of **VOLUME FOR VICTORY.**



All four wheels drive the armored car forward at passenger-car speed over any kind of ground!

BUY WAR BONDS—AND KEEP THEM

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FLOWERS BY WIRE bring 'Season's Greetings' to Kate Smith

From Washington, D. C., Kate Smith's mother telegraphs a bouquet to Kate in New York—a perfect way to send Holiday Greetings to out-of-town relatives or friends.



*In any event—
wire Flowers*

When someone dear to you
—in another town—has a birthday, or
any event you want to remember—wire flowers.

It's easy as 1-2-3, and not at all expensive

1. Go to a florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window. Tell him the name, address and town of the person to receive flowers—state the amount you wish to spend. You pay nothing extra for flowers by wire—except standard rate for telegram.

2. Your florist wires your order and your message for the card to an F.T.D. florist in the other town who immediately delivers fresh flowers from his stock.

3. F.T.D. florists are everywhere—but not all florists are members of Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association. So look for the F.T.D. Seal. It's your assurance of full value.



PLACE HOLIDAY ORDERS EARLY

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

Listen to the Kate Smith Hour CBS—Sunday Evening 7:00—8:00 PM EWT

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Your pictures of the college girls sucking on corn cobs and smoking cigaret butts speared with bobby pins sent chills up our spines. Are we to be greeted by "Mammy Yokums" when calling for a date or can we, as in the past, expect to find a girl as a girl—sans oral impedimenta?

A/C W. BANGS
T. HAYDEN
C. CLARK
G. LASLO

Chapel Hill, N. C.



© UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
MAMMY YOKUM

PROPHET JONES

Sirs:

There is a startling contrast between the pictures of the opulent and ring-weighted "Prophet" Jones (LIFE, Nov. 27), his \$30,000 "French Castle" and the shabby little frame church where he wrings money from his flock. Perhaps if "Prophet" Jones would read more than four verses of the Bible at a time he might learn the meaning of self-sacrifice in the interest of a cause.

GUY D. CARPENTER

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your account of the Detroit "prophet" suggests one of three things:

1. Religion is an opiate.
2. Need for a modified interpretation of "freedom of worship."
3. Great need for higher educational standards which will render the masses less susceptible.

As a Christian I am reluctant to believe the first; as an American I would resent the second; as a teacher I hail the third. Above all, as a Christian, a democrat, an educator and a Negro, I stand embarrassed.

H. H. HAMILTON

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Every American Negro should raise his voice in protest.

MRS. HAZEL TURNER
BROGDEN

Philadelphia, Pa.

"HARVEY"

Sirs:

I was greatly interested in your description of Broadway's latest hit, *Harvey* (LIFE, Nov. 27). The first description and criticism of this play I ever read was written by my 10-year-old son, John Ewing Archibold, about six months ago after having overheard its author, Mary Coyle Chase, tell me the story. Here it is:

There was a man with a rabbit.
A rabbit six feet tall;
He introduced his friends to the rabbit.
When he isn't there at all.
He'd buy an extra theater ticket.

(continued on p. 6)

"THOUGHT YOU
WERE GOING TO
—RESIGN FROM THE
MOTOR CORPS—"

"I WAS! ALL THOSE STRONG
LAXATIVES I WAS TAKING FOR
ORDINARY CONSTIPATION
WERE WEARING ME DOWN.
BUT NOW I'VE CHANGED TO
NUJOL!"



EFFECTIVE...
GENTLE...
REGULAR AS
CLOCKWORK

Copr. 1944,
Bayer Incorporated

IT'S YOUR DUTY TO KEEP FIT
AND TO KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

WHEN YOUR
EYES FEEL HOT
AND TIRED



from over-work...
glare...close-work...

USE EYE-GENE! It's the only
prepared formula on the market
containing the exclusive ingre-
dient that brings such instant,
cooling relief to tired eyes.

KEEP EYE-GENE handy, always!
Get a bottle of this safe, stain-
less eye lotion from your near-
est Drug or Dime store...today!

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS



Another big rush on Long Distance lines this Christmas...

It was a big rush last year. It may
be even bigger this Christmas.

So please help keep Long Distance
lines clear for essential calls on
December 24, 25 and 26.

War still needs the wires even on
holidays.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



"Do I have to tell him what mistletoe's for?"



Sally: "I'm glued to this mistletoe—and what happens? Nothing! Gosh, Helen—I'm stymied!"
Helen: "Chin up, honey! You can put that hungry look right back in his eyes—if—only..."



Sally: "Underarm odor? But, I just bathed!"
Helen: "Baths are for *past* perspiration, Sally! Use Mum—prevent risk of *future* underarm odor!"



Sally: "What a little ninny I was—to risk underarm odor. From now on I can use Mum in *half a minute* and be safe for hours to come."



I'M GOING TO
HOLD ONTO YOU
—FOR GOOD!

(TO HERSELF)
WHEE-EE! LIFE'S
SIMPLY WONDERFUL
SINCE I'M
USING MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

YOU'LL like Mum! Takes only 30 seconds to use—guards charm faithfully. Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is ideal. Use Mum this way, too—it's safe, gentle, dependable!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

For his big white pet
But he isn't there—
His friends say he is nuts
And the rabbit is only thin air.

His sister gets real mad
And says he is insane,
She calls a doctor to her house
To try and fix his brain;
When the doctor saw the rabbit
As plain as plain could be,
He said she was the one insane
And that it was not he;
Who cares about a rabbit
A rabbit six feet tall,
Who cares about a rabbit
That isn't there at all!

ROBERT ARCHIBOLD JR.,
Denver, Colo.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

Sirs:

I noticed in the picture of Gertrude Lawrence on LIFE's cover (Nov. 27) that she was wearing men's pants. They looked like part of a British officer's uniform. Could you tell me if I'm right?

SUZANNE SUMMERS
Coral Gables, Fla.



LAWRENCE



MONTGOMERY

● Right. Miss Lawrence wears regulation battle-dress trousers identical with those worn by General Montgomery and British troops. The right-hand pocket is meant to be used for ammunition, the left for maps.—ED.

MARTIN'S MADE-OVERS

Sirs:

I would like to inform you that Mariano Fortuny's "secret process" of making Miss Martin's dress (LIFE, Nov. 27) has been known for many years at my school, Dalton School. In the sixth grade we gave a Greek festival. Our costumes ended up looking very like Miss Martin's made-over. But I must admit that we did not end up looking like Miss Martin.

NANCY MAZUR
New York, N. Y.

MOJUD...that's all you need know about stockings

... because the name "Mojud" is the seal of the maker's integrity. It means long-established highest standards in knitting, testing, examining, finishing. No wonder that millions of women who ask for Mojud stockings have made Mojud one of America's largest selling brands. At better stores everywhere.



★ BUY WAR BONDS

TRADE MARK REG.—
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"HE LOVES
HIS PRESENT
OF CRUNCHY
MILK-BONE!"

Make Christmas merrier for your dog with a present of wonderful-tasting Milk-Bone dog food. This time-tested favorite, among other ingredients, contains five nourishing foods... high-protein meat meal, whole wheat flour, fish liver oil, milk and yeast. Milk-Bone provides vitamins A, B₁, D, E, G, and essential minerals, too!

For breakfast give him tasty Milk-Bone Biscuit. At night serve hearty Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits... just add warm water, soup, broth, gravy or vegetables, plus bits of meat if you wish! Order dependable Milk-Bone dog food from your dealer!



Contains Vitamins
A, B₁, D, E, and G

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

For those extra gifts at Xmas
Ronson 'Flints', Fuel, Wicks
are prized.
They improve all makes of lighters
'Cause they keep 'em
RONSON-ized.



Avoid
inferior
imitations

For Better
Lighter Service
USE
EXTRA-LENGTH
RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
RONSON quick-lighting FUEL
RONSON high-absorption WICKS
In demand on all fighting fronts
If your RONSON needs attention
send it to Ronson (Dept. 5, Newark 2,
N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

FOR ALL LIGHTERS
RONSON
REDSKIN
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
BY RONSON • WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS COUNT—BUY WAR BONDS!

BICYCLES FOR
THE ROYAL
NETHERLANDS
MARINE CORPS



**BICYCLES Serve
THE SERVICES...**
First call on Columbia "America's FIRST Bicycle" is with U.S. Forces and our fighting Allies. As wartime restrictions are lifted, Columbia Dealers will again serve all bicycle needs. And with Victory... new, finer-than-ever Columbias will be ready. Meanwhile, keep buying War Bonds! The Westfield Manufacturing Co., Westfield, Massachusetts.

Columbia
SINCE 1877
"AMERICA'S FIRST
BICYCLE"

LIFE

Published by TIME Incorporated
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EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: John Shaw Billings



LIFE'S COVER

As Major Victor Joppolo in *A Bell for Adano* (see pp. 76 to 89), Fredric March gives the outstanding performance of his long career. Actor March, who is 47, has had good parts before—on the screen in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1932) and *The Adventures of Mark Twain* (1934), on the stage in *The American Way* (1939) and *The Skin of Our Teeth* (1942). But as the AMG Major who tries to bring democracy to a small Italian town, Fredric March reaffirms his right to be classed among country's first-rank actors.

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The Perfect Husband?



YOU may never forget a birthday or anniversary. But although every woman loves little luxuries, if you take a confidential poll you will find that sensible wives vote for fewer presents and more family financial security.

So as Lesson No. 1 on "How to be a Perfect Husband", take pencil and paper to figure roughly your wife's minimum cash needs and her minimum income needs—without you. How much, for instance, would she need to clear up your bills and debts? How about those mortgage payments and the taxes on your home?

Perhaps she will qualify for Social Security's monthly benefits. But even with young children these can amount at the most to only \$85 a month. So she will need another monthly check for even the simplest of home comforts.

Fortunately, moderate amounts of life insurance, when added to Social Security benefits, can guard her against financial calamity and guarantee your children a good start in life.

As Lesson No. 2, take advantage of the special information service on Social Security benefits which the Mutual Life man in your community gives without obligation. He will gladly show you how to get the utmost from your premium dollar by making your life insurance reinforce your Social Security benefits.

Write for FREE Social Security HELPS

Every Social Security card owner can profit from THIS FILE for safekeeping the official records which help to collect benefits quickly. Gather and file these records now. Spare yourself—or your widow—trouble later, possibly costly delay. THIS FOLDER will help you calculate future income from Social Security and present life insurance. Mail the coupon today.



Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

"First in America"

Lewis W. Douglas, President

24 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK CITY

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
OCCUPATION..... LS-13



Dawn. "The successful movie actor is an early riser," says Comedian Fred Allen. "The early bird gets the worm. Oftentimes the early actor gets the bird. In Hollywood suburbs, where there are no roosters, picture actors crow on their way to work to advise whole community that day is breaking."

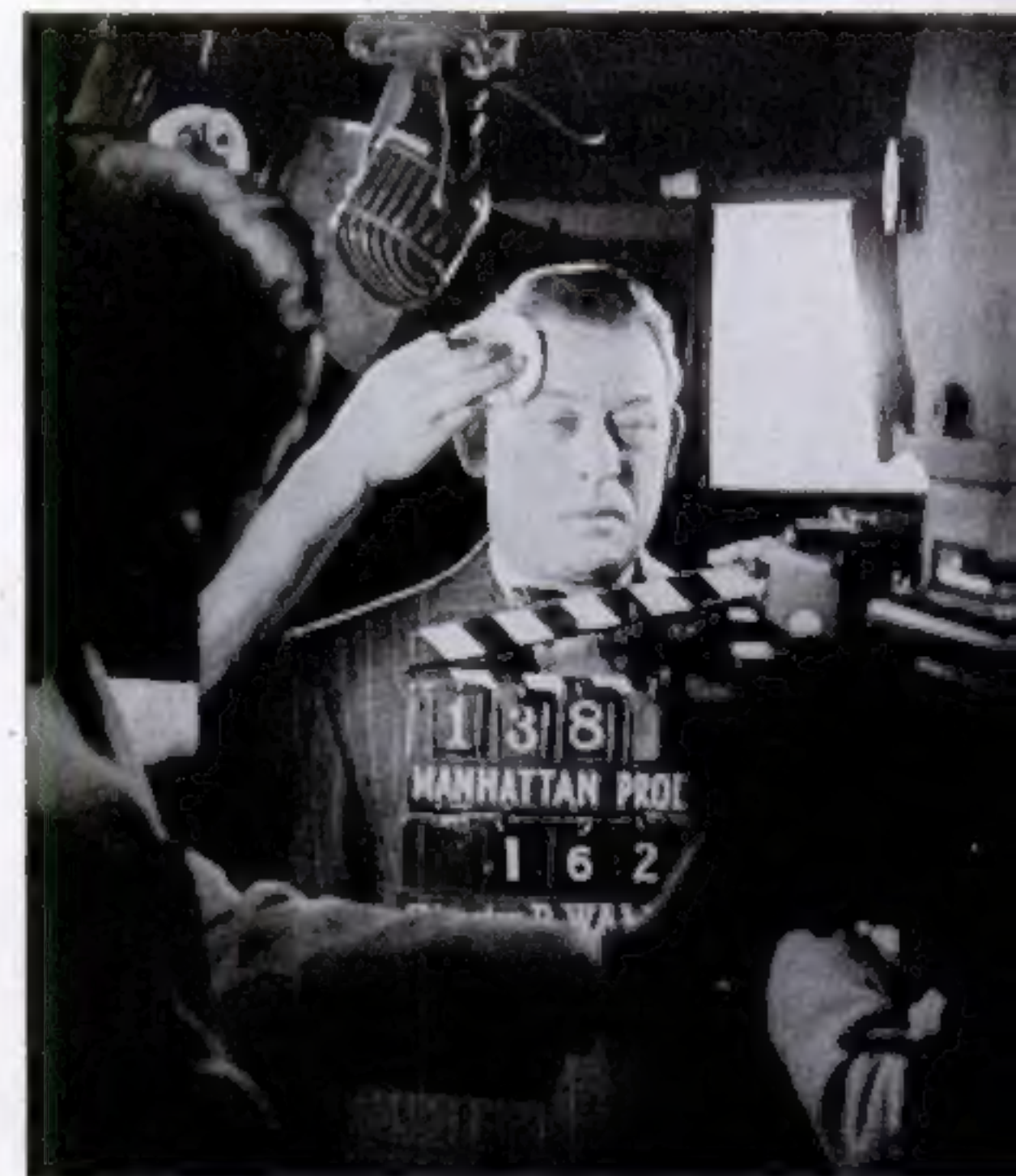
Rehearsal. "The actor rehearses at breakfast (below). Later the dialog director will change everything that the actor is learning. If the actor stays in pictures he realizes that it is futile to rehearse. If he stays too long he'll have an ulcer. This will enable him to eliminate breakfast."



Make-up. "Arriving at studio the actor is made up. To show his great skill make-up genius strives to create entire new personality for actor. Here we see ectoplasm leaving the actor's body as make-up artist makes him a new man."

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

...FRED ALLEN TELLS WHY
HE HATES HOLLYWOOD



Action. "The actor is about to read his first line. Make-up man applies powder puff to shiny spot on forehead. After being slapped on head with powder puff all day the actor dreams he is being beaten to death with wheat cakes."



Hair. "The hair stylist's sideline is selling toupees. If the stylist can pull out enough of the actor's hair she hopes that she can sell him a scalp direct. Most of Hollywood's glamor boys are bald victims of the hair styled."



Dialog. "A harbinger of the bedlam that is to fill the actor's entire day is the dialog director. As the make-up genius and hair stylist torture the actor, the dialog director arrives to advise him that most of the lines he has learned at breakfast time have now been deleted. When old lines are discarded the dialog director is the man who salvages the punctuation."

Fred Allen, sour-faced radio comic, hates movie-making and in these pictures and captions under them he tells why. The horrors of Hollywood are fresh in Allen's mind for he has just completed a new picture, *It's in the Bag*. There were many times during his ordeal by "klieg light," says Allen, "that, if it weren't so permanent, I would have wished I were dead."

A master of the ad lib, Allen may really resent the ponderous, slow-moving Hollywood technique because it leaves so little room for an actor's originality. "Main thing an actor must learn," he says, "is to stay within camera range. This is done for him by lighting the actor and marking his places. An ideal actor should have *rigor mortis* and a neon head. With *rigor mortis* he can't move. With a neon head he can light himself."

However, his coactors in *It's in the Bag* and Jack Skirball and Walter Batchelor, who produced it, do not take Allen's anti-Hollywood strictures too much to heart. They willingly cooperated in making the pictures on these pages, realizing Allen always gets his most effective humor by biting whatever hand feeds him. Allen has also said some very harsh things about radio. He considers the average radio gag writer "an emaciated nonentity with a good memory and a pencil," the average radio vice president "a form of executive fungus that attaches itself to a desk." His manager, Walter Batchelor, however, thinks Allen heaps scorn on radio just a bit less than he does on Hollywood. "The only good thing Allen will admit about Hollywood," says Batchelor, "is that he sleeps better there."



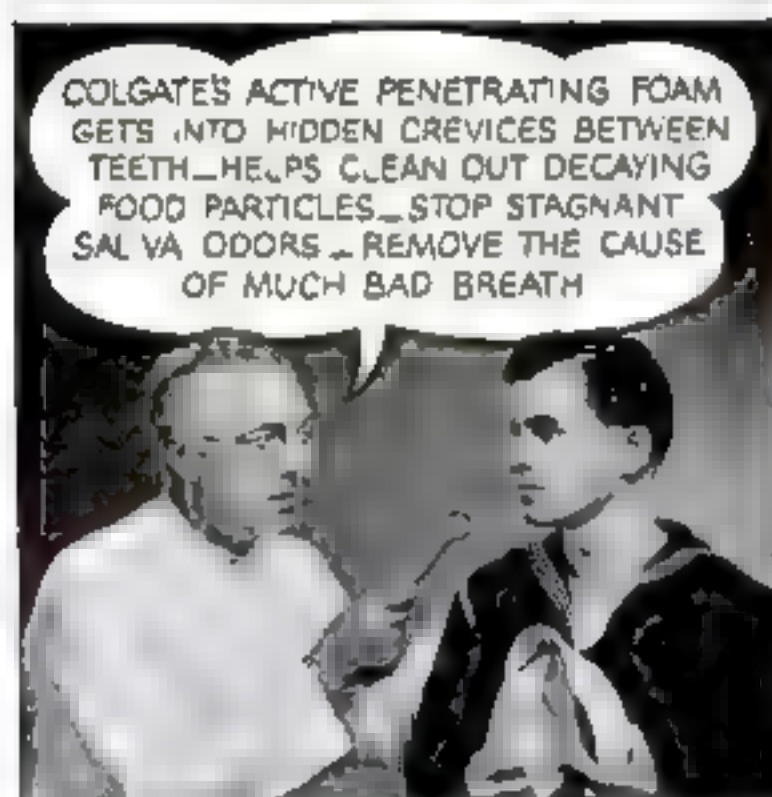
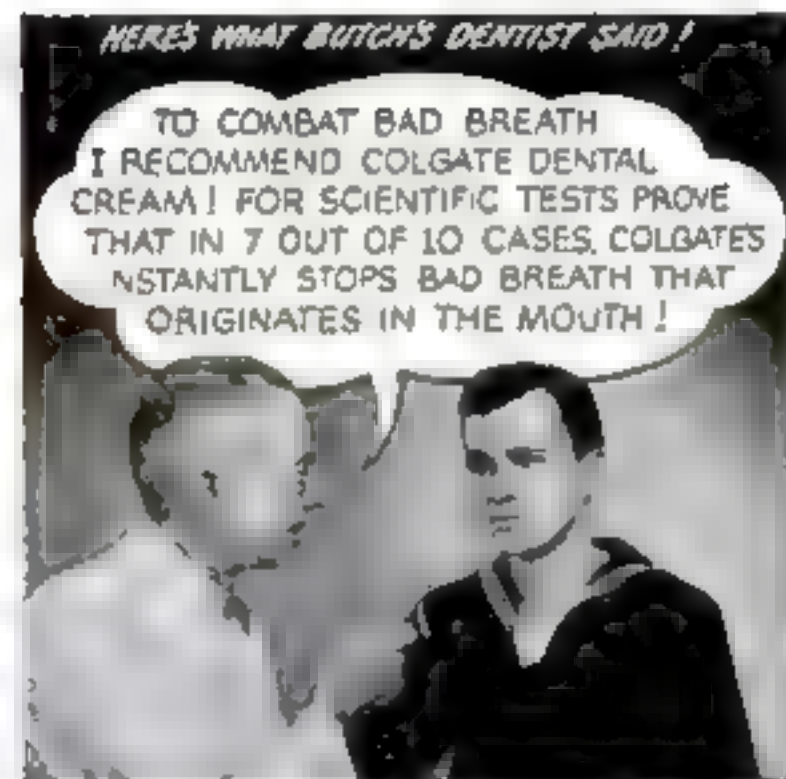
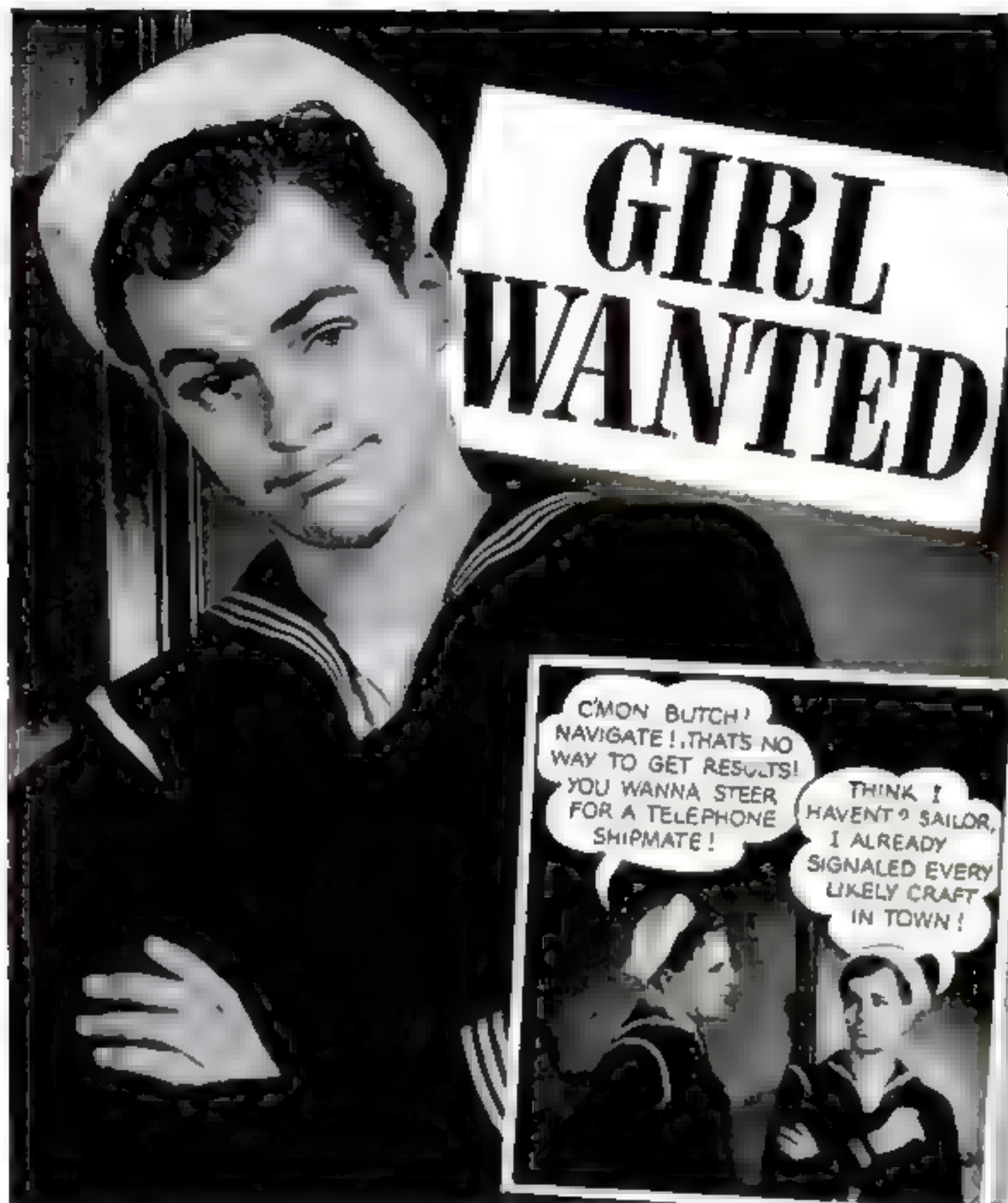
"HOLLYWOOD ACTORS SHOULD LIVE THEIR PARTS MORE"



Pests. "Tourists clutter up every studio. Press agent insists the actor meet some giggling dame who won Glutton's Derby at Bollerville, Ill. She ate 2000 pounds of liverwurst in three days, was crowned Miss Cold Cuts of 1934."



Conference. "On the set the Hollywood actor's day starts out with a great, big, earnest script conference. The author and the director explain what they believe to be the first scene to the actor. The actor is all eyes. He is concentrating on it with all his might. Apparently the first scene in the drama concerns the Prodigal Son. The Fatted Calf awaits the cue."



June 1st CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



The double. "The only comfort an actor has while making a picture is that his double takes more abuse than he. The double is stabbed, beaten up, subjected to mayhem. There's only one danger. If the double is killed the Screen Actors Guild may bury the actor."



Character portrayal. "Jail sequences are sources of worry to actor. If he plays part too realistically he may find too late that the picture is released and he is still doing time. One actor was pardoned by the governor in script but the audience never forgave him."



More pests. "Salesmen stalk the actor on the set, trying to sell him anything from an avocado bush to a half interest in an abandoned swimming pool. When this particular actor gets up out of the chair he is in he is going to beat this insurance man's brains out."

FM Radio by General Electric — you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.



Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.



BING CROSBY appearing in **HERE COME THE WAVES**, a Paramount Picture. Star of Kraft Music Hall, every Thursday over NBC.

Only FM radio captures the natural color of Bing's "Silent Night"

This Christmas, imagine hearing in your own living room, Bing Crosby's "Silent Night", so vibrantly alive, so thrillingly colorful, that you are tempted to applaud before you realize that he is not actually singing there before you!

It's only on FM radio that such a startling illusion is possible. And on the new General Electric FM radio you will also hear a thousand musical tones conventional radio loses . . . the fragile lacework of overtones that alone give to every voice and to every instrument their particular charm. All against a background of velvety silence . . . virtually free from static or station interference.

This is FM "Natural Color" radio by General Electric . . . the radio you'll want to own.

Conventional radio is able to re-create less than half of the tonal range you should hear. Delicate overtones are lost. But the new General Electric FM (Frequency Modulation) radio captures their glorious beauty . . . keeping all the delight music was meant to give.

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public. It owns and operates its own FM broadcast station. It is the only manufacturer to build FM complete . . . from station equipment to the radio set for your home. This unmatched experience in

Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will embody all that's best in radio.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOU'RE COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Preview the revolutionary, new General Electric Radio and Television sets. For your free copy mail a postcard request to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument. The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants.



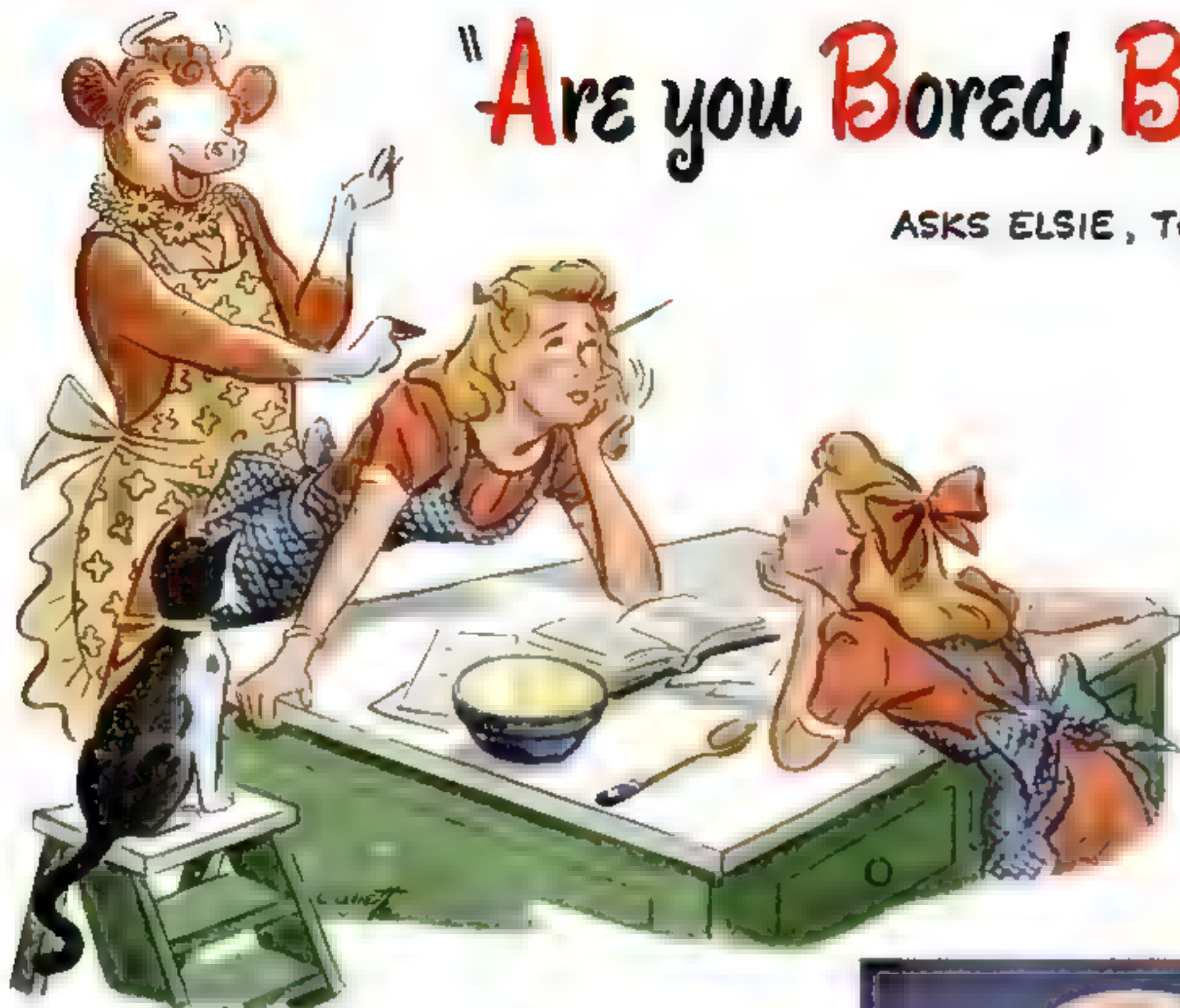
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-G18

FM RADIO

A PRODUCT OF G-E ELECTRONIC RESEARCH

Tune in General Electric's "The World Today" News, every weekday 6:45 p. m. E. W. T. on CBS and the G-E "All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m. E. W. T. on NBC



"Are you Bored, Blank or Baffled?"

ASKS ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

BORED with planning 21 meals a week?
Baffled by drop-in guests with a hungry look? Pretty little head a blank about New Eating Ideas?

"Lady, oh lady—here's a wonderful quick cure for what ails you! Borden's Fine Cheeses will help you work miracles like these . . .

"Snap up a supper menu with a tangy Borden's Chateau soufflé! Put a lilt in a lunchbox with super-smooth Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese sandwiches. And for guests, serve snacks that sing a great, big welcome—Borden's Cocktail Spreads.

"There's just no end to the wonders you can work with Borden's Fine Cheeses! Lucky, lucky you!"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

WONDERFUL "BUYS"
FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES

Remember, please. Tons and tons of Borden's Cheeses go to our fighting men and for Lend-Lease. So if your food store hasn't the particular cheese you want, please try another Borden's variety. They're all wonderfully nourishing, wonderfully delicious.



How to say Hello—with a holiday air! When folks drop in, "snack" 'em with BORDEN'S VERA-SHARP COCKTAIL SPREAD on crisp crackers. Pass the plate again, and again, and again! That longed-for, aged "Cheddar" flavor packs holiday cheer into every single glorious morsel. 5 other kinds of Borden's Cocktail Spreads—Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Blue Cheese, Relish, and Smokey. Easy to spread—mighty hard to stop eating!



Spread NEW Ideas between the slices! How's this for sandwich interest? The creamiest cream cheese you ever smoothed on a slice of bread—BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE! And four grand flavor varieties to pick from—Plain Wej-Cut, Chive Wej-Cut, Pimento Wej-Cut, or Relish Wej-Cut. So rich in butterfat, you don't need butter on the bread!



Heyday for Husbands! Bring on that tawny-gold *LIEDERKRANZ! Spread it—crust and all—on pumpkin or rye toast! Good? Why, that deep-down mellowness is a cheese-lover's idea of heaven! (Serve LIEDERKRANZ when it's really ripe—keep it in your refrigerator till it's soft and creamy-centered.)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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★ Borden's Presents ED WYNN in "Happy Island" every Friday evening—Blue Network.

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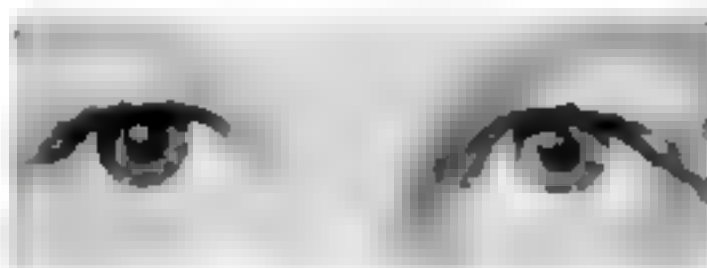
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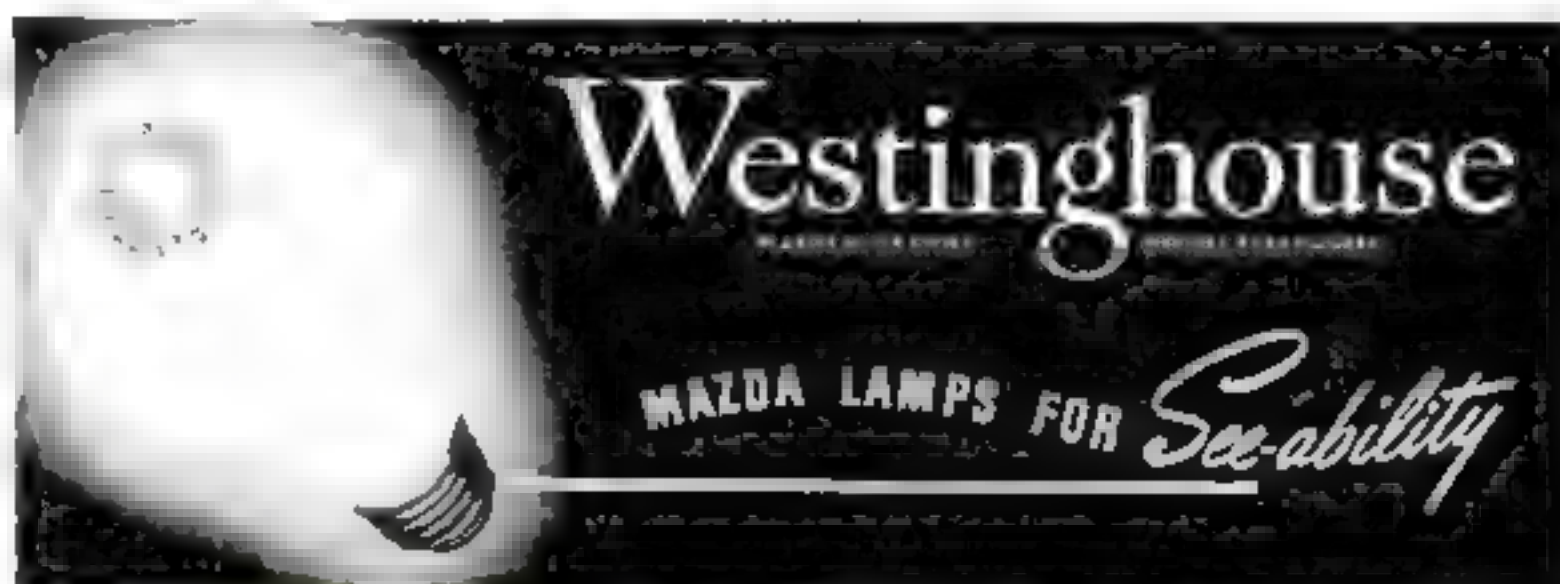
HARD WORK AHEAD for these young eyes



They'll have to learn tasks Nature never intended them to do... reading and writing and other close seeing work. Nature meant human eyes for far

seeing, under the natural light of day—but these

eyes will have to work indoors, under artificial light! That makes it important that all indoor seeing tasks are done under *enough* light... lots and lots of well-diffused, shadowless light... but without harmful glare. That's easy—especially when you can fill every light socket with bright, long-lasting Westinghouse bulbs... especially when sizes up to 100 watts are only 10¢ plus tax! Don't take chances with a child's eyes. For better See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, N. J.



BUY MORE BONDS—AND KEEP THEM!

Will there always be a Santa Claus?

LOOK UP, little fellow, at that stocking heavy with lovely surprises—*all for you!*

Look at it long and never forget it—for it's a symbol of everything that's possible in this wonderful world.

Christmas toys now . . . sailing-ships later . . . even real airplanes some future day! All kinds of growing-up dreams can come true—for that same Santa who filled your stocking is already planning for you a future bright with possibilities.

Even before you were a week old, he began preparing for the years to come through his program of Prudential life insurance. He knew then, as millions of fathers know, how youthful hopes can be blasted when family security is lost through the death of the breadwinner.

You, too, can provide security for your family even beyond your own death—through a program of Prudential Insurance begun now. Your local Prudential agent will be glad to help you, without obligation, plan a life insurance program related to your income. The Prudential has a sixty-nine-year reputation for writing life insurance to cover every family need—conveniently and at low cost.



THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

A mutual life insurance company

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

LIFE



IN THE GERMAN CITY OF ESCHWEILER, WHICH IS EAST OF AACHEN ON THE COLOGNE PLAIN, ALLIED BOMBS HAVE BLOWN MANY HOUSES INTO PILES OF POWDERED MASONRY

THE BATTLEFIELD OF GERMANY

The great sweeps of this war have moved across enormous expanses of land, but now and then the armies have stopped and fought where each yard gained was a victory and each yard lost a defeat. Struggles like these made blackened battlefields of Stalingrad, Cassino, and Normandy. Now for the first time the war is making such a battlefield in Germany.

The battlefield of Germany is at present a 30-mile strip of the Rhineland near Cologne where four Allied and German armies have been fighting to decide how long Germany can avoid defeat. It is a battlefield of gouged farmland and of shattered woods. But mostly

it is a battlefield of devastated towns because the Germans have elected to fight, regardless of cost, for every house and factory west of the Rhine. There Allied and German troops have fought most of the savage individual battles of the Allied winter offensive. Some of the places where the troops fought hardest are shown on these pages.

In the battle of the Rhineland towns neither side has yet accomplished its original objective. The aim of the Allied drive was to break down the German military power before it could grow stronger by desperate last-minute mobilizations. The aim of the Ger-

man defense was to hold off the Allies and to bleed Allied armies so they would not be able to begin another offensive before spring. At the end of three weeks of bone-crushing attack and defense, the German power still appeared intact and the Allies still seemed capable of prolonging the winter offensive.

At the end of last week there was a lull on the Cologne plain, but other Allied armies were advancing slowly to the south. The U.S. Third and Seventh Armies had set the Saar Basin afire with a great cannonade, but here also Allied troops were finding the German house-to-house defense a heartbreaking obstacle.



BAUBACH

After the great aerial bombardment of Nov. 16, three Allied armies ground forward on a narrow front facing Cologne. As the British drove for the fortified city of Gerdaukirchen (see opposite page), they had to fight through a number of smaller towns. One of these was Baubach, a little group of strong-

walled German houses surrounded by Siegfried Line pillboxes, machine-guns, barbed wire and trenches. One of the trenches runs across the bottom of the picture and another may be seen at the top. Before the British assaulted Baubach they all but destroyed it with a barrage of 10,000 mortar shells.



GEILENKIRCHEN

Allied planes and guns battered the water-soaked, coal-mining city of Geilenkirchen for three days before U. S. and British troops edged warily into the outskirts. Inside the town, buildings were completely demolished or turned into empty boxes of ma-

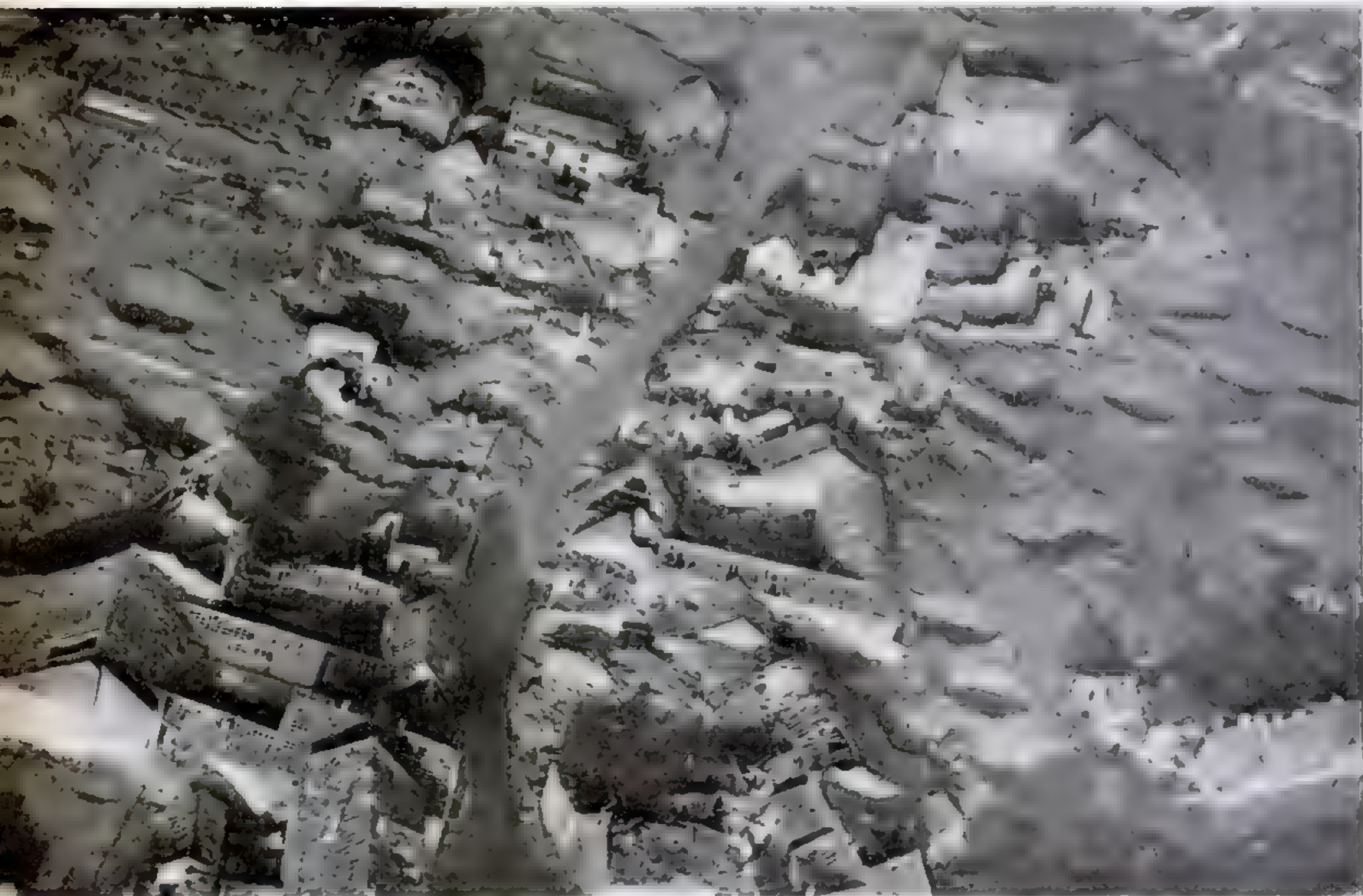
soury. Outside, fields were pitted with hundreds of shell and bomb craters (upper right). The British first fought into Geilenkirchen at night but were thrown out by a German counterattack. U. S. and British troops had a firm hold on the city by noon the next day.



WEISWEILER

After capturing the city of Eschweiler, in the middle of the front on the Cologne plain, U.S. First Army troops pushed on to Weisweiler. Smoldering in the cold haze, Weisweiler is under attack by U.S. tanks. Later a small force of U.S. infantrymen bravely held their ground in the town

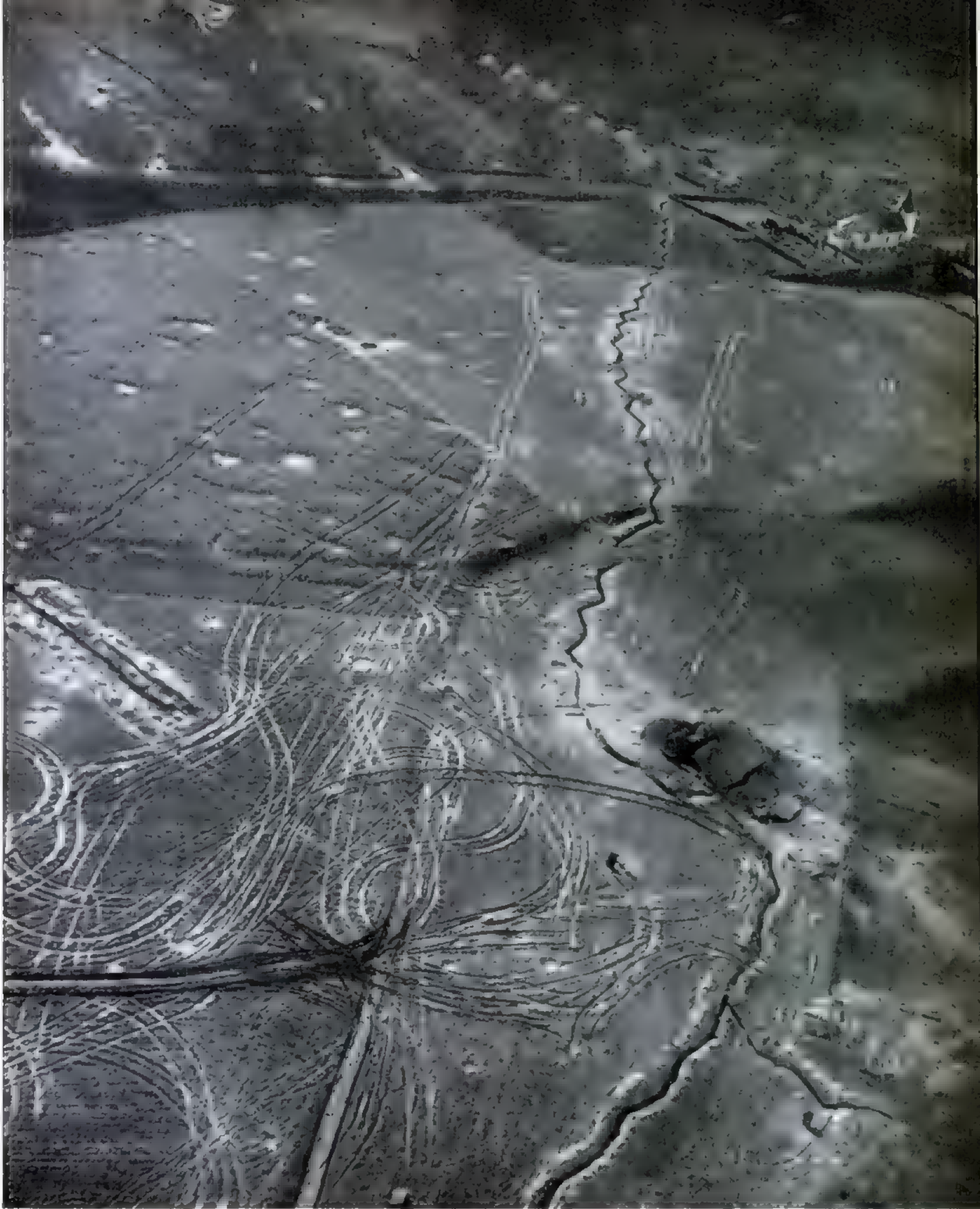
by rushing for an artillery "stop" directly at their positions. While the Americans sat in chairs from their own shells, a counterattack beginning in the open a few yards away was cut to pieces. At the right is muddy Little Inde River, which is still part of the front farther north.



DÜRWISS

When the First Army tried to encircle Eschweiler from the north, Dürwiss was pounded flat by bombers. Where many of the houses of Dürwiss stood, there are now only bomb craters. In spite of the paralyzing bombardment the Germans in the town fought viciously for every room and wall. U.S.

infantry finally took Dürwiss in a night attack, which by this stage of the offensive was the only way to gain ground against the Germans. Outside Dürwiss was part of a four-lane superhighway to Cologne and one end of a 10-mile, 30-foot tank trap, which had to be bridged and fought for like a river.



THE TRENCHES

Between the deadly fortified towns the Germans fight from concrete pillboxes and trenches. To the right of the trench above is one pillbox which has been shattered by a U. S. demolition charge. Almost perfectly concealed by camouflage netting at the lower right is another defense

position. The Germans often wait in works like these while the Allied advance passes them. Then they open fire in the Allied rear, disrupting the attack and forcing another savage little battle. In the waterlogged field at the left are the tracks of tanks which milled around the trenches.

SURPLUS PROPERTY

MUST A GREAT CHANCE TO BROADEN ECONOMIC FREEDOM GO BY POLITICAL DEFAULT?

Wrote Thomas Jefferson in 1785: "I am conscious that an equal division of property is impracticable. But . . . legislators cannot invent too many devices for subdividing property. . . . The earth is given as a common stock for men to labor and live on." His ideal citizen was the self-sufficient farmer, for he believed that only men who are economically independent can long remain free.

His was quite a different theory from socialism. It is the theory that government, by "subdividing" property, can make its citizens more independent of government itself. The next question, of course, is how far government can go without producing less justice and freedom than ungoverned men would produce among themselves. To date, man-made law is assumed to be somewhat superior to the jungle's; and we keep trying. The latest try in this country, a law which the President signed in October, may launch the U. S. government on one of the greatest subdividing experiments of its career.

Another Louisiana Purchase?

The law is the Surplus Property Act of 1944. It governs the disposal of all the things the government bought or built to fight the war with and doesn't want to keep. In land, acquired for camps, etc., the government will sell something like 12,000,000 acres. In industrial plant capacity, the government owns around one-third as much as all American corporations. Perhaps Secretary Ickes did not exaggerate too much when he said that the consequences of how we dispose of this wealth may make the consequences of the Louisiana Purchase look "insignificant." The Louisiana Purchase (530,000,000 acres) about doubled America's area in 1803.

Surplus, or waste, is in the nature of war. It is already piling up: planes and plants, mattresses and monkey wrenches, trucks and timberland, pressure cookers and police dogs. Everything you can think of, and in quantities you can't imagine. The RFC is building a chain of warehouses just to display the stuff. There will be no single dam break, no one big auction day; the sales have already started and will go on for years. In October alone four government agencies sold \$26,700,000 worth, including two locomotives and 6,500,000 slide fasteners. The total amount ultimately to be sold is variously valued at from 15 to 103 billion dollars. It can't be appraised in advance even approximately, for its volume would break any market it was dumped on; in fact it can be measured only against the postwar economy as a whole.

So what method, what objectives should we adopt for the disposal of this war-built wealth? Mr. Ickes, as usual, is preoccupied with the problem of "checkmating scoundrels"—i.e., preventing speculation and inside track meets. One very simple method would be to sell it to the highest bidders,

thus realizing the greatest sum for the government and with it reducing the national debt. Another possible method is to dispose of it with the least possible disruption of "normal trade channels" and the price level, on which it is bound to have a deflationary effect. From this standpoint the suggestion of a Navy man makes good sense: that everything be loaded on battleships and dumped in the middle of the sea.

There is another objective, however, which is not so cynical or lazy as these. It is that, since the disposal of this property is bound to have a vast effect on the character of our postwar economy, we should decide now what kind of economy we want and aim our policy at that.

This objective, starry-eyed or not, is now the law of the land. The Surplus Property Act is a poorly drawn compromise, unworkable as it stands and due for revision. It is nevertheless one of the few public acts of recent months that exhibit a profoundly idealistic purpose. Its chief aims are these: to re-establish free independent enterprise, to strengthen the competitive position of the new and small businessman and the family farmer; and to put government property to widespread, nonmonopolistic use. It is a bill in the Jeffersonian tradition, an attempt to redistribute property in a way to make men free.

Efficiency Is Not Everything

When he saw the bill Will Clayton, who had been handling surplus property under executive order, resigned his job in disgust. It was the disgust of a capable, efficiency-minded administrator. For example, in selling farmland the government (according to the law) must offer it first to the former owner or heirs, then to any tenant farmers he may have had, then to any farm-minded veterans who may want it, then to other candidates for subsistence farming.

Mr. Clayton wanted to put the land on the market fast, via RFC and the professional real-estate brokers. But the senators had a different idea. They were more impressed by the testimony of Norman Littell, the recently fired Assistant Attorney General, who convinced them that under Clayton's methods the land would wind up in the hands of big corporate farmers. Said Senator Chandler, in the nearest imitation of Jefferson he is ever likely to achieve: "It is better security for the country to have our people on their own farms."

The law also tries to help the little businessman. Maury Maverick's Smaller War Plants Corp. is authorized to intervene whenever it sees a chance to put industrial property into new and independent hands. This is inefficient. But efficiency is perhaps not the sole motive of all the enemies of the law. Established retailers, for example, who still shud-

der at the memory of the "Army & Navy Stores" of Postwar I, are lobbying for "orderly distribution" through "normal trade channels."

The economic responsibility of our government does not lie toward any particular "trade channel," union or company, however many "E" banners it may fly. It lies toward the general level of prosperity and the freedom and openness of the economy as a whole. To foster this freedom of the market, the government may seem to be playing favorites at times. Its favorites under the Surplus Property Act are veterans, small farmers and small businessmen. But without favoritism these three groups would be at a positive disadvantage, not in wealth but in opportunity. For big business and corporate farming enjoy trading advantages which threaten ultimately to close the door on individuals and newcomers if competition is not ceaselessly renewed.

Chance for a Jolt

Every generation or so our nation has been jolted into a great commercial expansion by some government-assisted project: Northwest Territory development, railroad grants, homestead laws, road building and the like. The disposal of our new war-built wealth could be another such jolt. Let "realists" predict that ten years hence the beneficiaries of a new distribution, the favored veterans and tenants, will be broke and landless once more. Many of them will, no doubt. They will nevertheless have had their moment of equal opportunity, which is all democracy promises and all Americans have ever asked.

But to give them even that much, those in charge of demobilization must rise to the challenge. If the Surplus Property Act were rewritten by Jefferson himself, it would still require great courage and imagination to carry it out. Its administrators must not only be in sympathy with its aims but must be men of enough political adroitness and guts to resist enormous pressure.

Last week the President made his choice of men for the Surplus Property Board. They are Guy Gillette of Iowa, the lame-duck Senator; Robert Hurley, a former governor of Connecticut; and Colonel E. H. Heller, a California financier and active Democrat. Honest men, no doubt. But as the *Washington Post* remarked, the President seems to have confused the problem of surplus property with the problem of surplus politicians. One looks in vain for the stature which the noble aims and practical pitfalls of this job demand.

Reconversion problems are not popular when the war news is bad. That does not make them unimportant. Our surplus-property problem contains the chance of a lifetime for a rebirth of economic freedom in America. If we let it go by default the spirit of Thomas Jefferson will not forgive us.

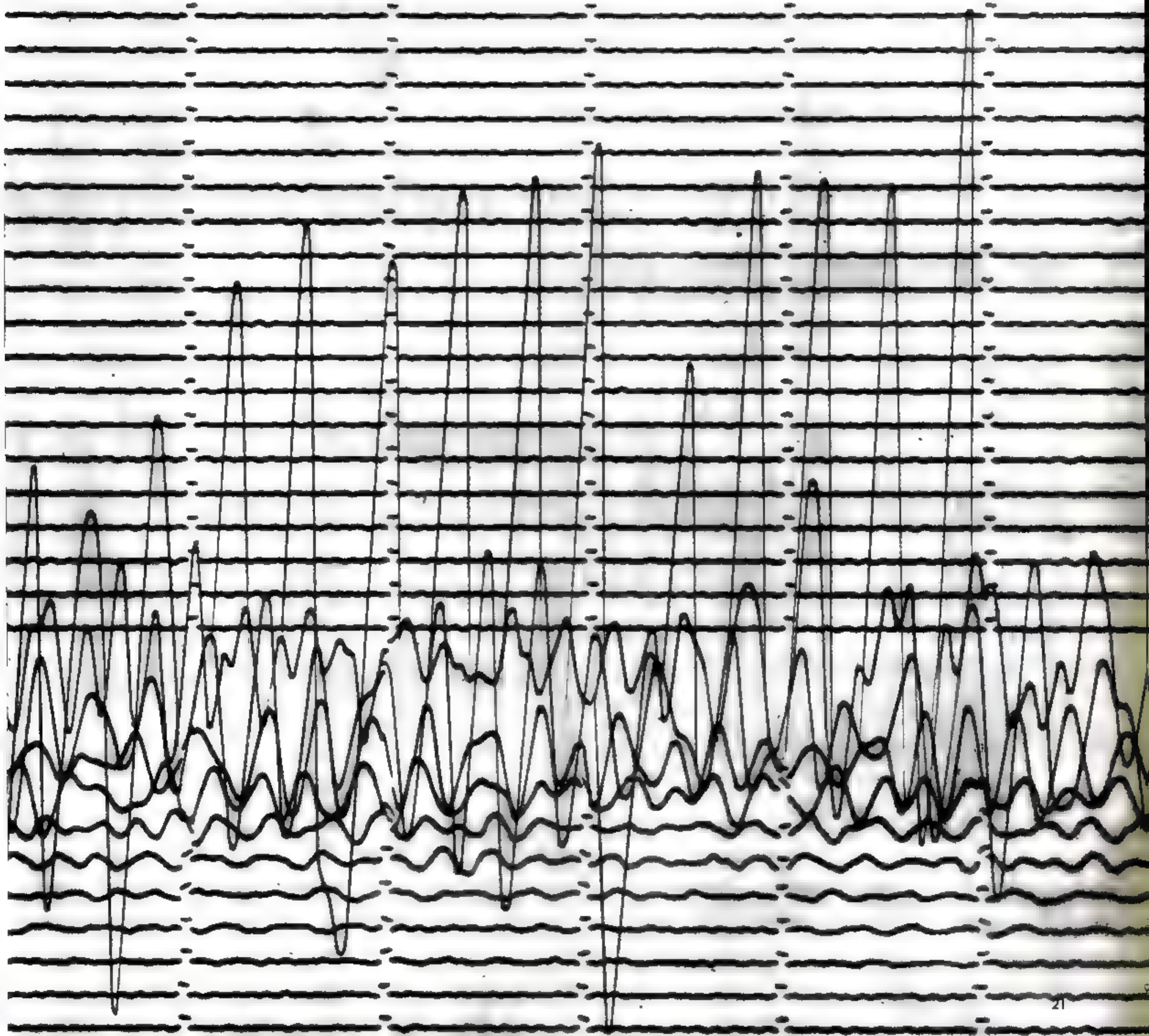
PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

The soaring graph line shown opposite charts six minutes of last week's Japanese earthquake. It was made 7,300 miles away in New York City on

Fordham Professor Joseph Lynch's seismograph. Geophysicists agreed the quake was as violent as the catastrophic 1923 shock and the Japs admitted

tidal waves in the industrial heart of the country. A Colgate scientist suggested U. S. bombings had caused it. Said Father Lynch: "Utterly fantastic."

The Fordham seismograph draws a six-minute portrait
of the Japanese earthquake in its most violent period



"MAKE WAR," SHOUTS FRENCH COMMUNIST LEADER THOREZ
ABOVE FLAGS OF THE TWO "COLOSSI," U. S. AND U. S. S. R.





FRANCE'S RED TRIUMVIRATE ARE (FROM LEFT) MARCEL CACHIN, EDITOR OF "L' HUMANITÉ"; MAURICE THOREZ, SECRETARY GENERAL, AND JACQUES DUCLOS, EX-ACTING SECRETARY

FRENCH RED RETURNS

Maurice Thorez comes back from exile in the U. S. S. R. to take his place on Europe's troubled political front

The peoples of liberated Europe last week were still trying to untangle their emotions. The desire to avenge themselves on traitors and collaborators was as urgent as the need to rebuild a workable economic and political life.

In France, where politics is traditionally many-sided, the New York Times's Anne O'Hare McCormick noted that among the Maquis, "They all say they're Communists to prove they're not conservatives or Vichyites . . . but any attempt at collectivism they'll resist like tigers." This helped explain, in part, the great celebration in Paris which greeted the No. 1 French Communist Maurice Thorez on his return from exile in the U. S. S. R. An army deserter when, like all Communists in 1939, he opposed the "imperialist war," he now urged the fullest prosecution of the war. As Thorez spoke in Paris, General Charles de Gaulle, who had granted Thorez the amnesty that permitted his return, was in Moscow for conferences. France was facing the realities of power politics. But Belgium was still unsettled, Italy was sick and Greece was warring within itself.

In Greece the leftist, Communist-influenced EAM had refused to give up its arms. Demonstrators were shot in Athens by police. A small-scale civil war broke out and the British used tanks and planes against the EAM. Goaded by protests from Britons and public criticism from the U. S. State Department, Winston Churchill made a stubborn, eloquent defense of his policy. "Because we do not allow gangs of guerrillas to install themselves . . . in power," he declared, "we are told we are traitors to democracy. Democracy is not a harlot that can be picked up in the street by any man with a Tommy gun." He demanded a vote of confidence and got one, 279 to 30, with about 50 MPs abstaining to show their objections.



At Thorez welcome lights pick out 30 Communist leaders on rostrum (right). Here are the team members of best-disciplined organization in France. *L' Humanité* (top) is Communist paper



On the Greenland icecap lies wreckage of the Army transport (above left). The rescue plane, from which these pictures were taken, dropped emergency kits to provide food, water, clothes,

tents, stoves until a dog team could arrive. Then one of its crew sped out the inscription in the snow (at bottom of page). The rescue plane rushed back to base for another trip.



RESCUE ON THE ICECAP

Army airmen are flown from Greenland's snow field

On the dangerous route from Labrador to Iceland, an Army Transport Command C-47 got into trouble. Over Greenland one of the engines fell off, the other caught fire. As it dropped heavily toward the desolate icecap, the plane sent out an SOS.

On the Greenland coast the Search and Rescue Squadron of ATC's North Atlantic Division picked up the SOS. Right away a big search plane went out over the icecap. In an hour the plane spied the wreckage and, trodden out in the snow near by, the ominous message MAN DYING. There was no time for dog teams. Back at the base the pilot volunteered to rush a doctor to the wreck in a small plane not fitted with skis. He risked a landing on the crevasse-cut icecap and skilfully made it. Four of the wrecked plane's crew had parachuted. Three had stayed with the plane. One of the latter had been killed, another was dying. All were badly shaken. All the survivors were exhausted from breathing the thin, rare air of the 10,000-ft.-high icecap. The big plane dropped skis for the little plane. It took all night in the bitter cold to put them on. Next morning a small ski-fitted plane came to help. Thirty hours after they crashed, the six survivors were back at the base. Eventually all recovered.

First plane to land near wreckage (left) was single-engine ship which made dangerous landing on wheels. Below is inscription MAN DYING, which wrecked fliers tramped out in the snow.





The rescue planes took the men off on the second day. Upper plane is one which landed on wheels, was later fitted with skis. Lower plane is fitted with both wheels and retractable skis.

Shelter tent below was set up on icecap by ground rescue party, which was sent out in case plane rescue failed. It turned back when planes reported success. Cracks in ice are crevasses.





Taken from the auction block at end of a lasso, Movie Butler Arthur Trencher obediently follows new master C. P. John-

son, oil man. Trencher had offered to be personal butler to the biggest bond buyer at Canyon, Calif. barbecue. Johnson was

Butler's servant by "sold" up 850,000 in war bonds. Butler was auctioned off on block with chickens, eggs, home-baked cakes.



The superior calm of English butler was almost ruffled by frontier horseplay. Here he serves coffee to guests at the barbecue.



Preparing barbecues was done by Treacher in disdainful but highly efficient manner. Note umbrella tucked under his arm.



Treacher used umbrella to protect the food while serving in downpour. Such Hollywood-British meetings made guests stare.

MOVIE BUTLER SELLS SELF FOR WAR BOND DRIVE

In a flurry of patriotism and press-agentry the Sixth U. S. War Loan overreached its 14-billion-dollar goal on Pearl Harbor Day. Of the innumerable bond-selling stunts used in the drive the funniest and most personally arduous was thought up by Arthur Treacher, the frozen-faced, formidable valet of the movies. Since Nov. 26 British-born Treacher, like a willing Ruggles

of Red Gap, has offered his butting services in and around Hollywood to the biggest buyer of war bonds, will keep himself at public beck until the Sixth War Loan sales stop on Jan. 1. Treacher has been kept pretty busy butting for Hollywood war bond buyers. On one occasion he was put on an actual auction block, had his teeth examined by prospective buyers and was

lassoed by the final purchaser (opposite page). He submitted to these indignities with icy cool disdain. At the Atwater Kent mansion (below) he took wraps and served food to close Hollywood friends, many of whom took second and third looks before they recognized him. As of last week, he and his gentleman's go-it-alone manner had netted more than \$1,500,000 in war bonds.



Hired for \$300,000 to serve at Atwater Kent party for Hollywood "400" he insulted guests who treated him as real butler.



In Kent pantry his condescending manner created sensation with servants. Said Maid Susan Rehill: "A perfect butler."



After serving dinner to Hollywood "400," Treacher kept up pose by cooking hamburgers with other servants in pantry.



LENA'S PUPPIES AT BIRTH CAUSED COMPLICATED FEEDING PROBLEMS, REQUIRED TWO FOSTER MOTHERS. ONLY OTHER DOG TO HAVE THIS MANY WAS A BRITISH ST. BERNARD

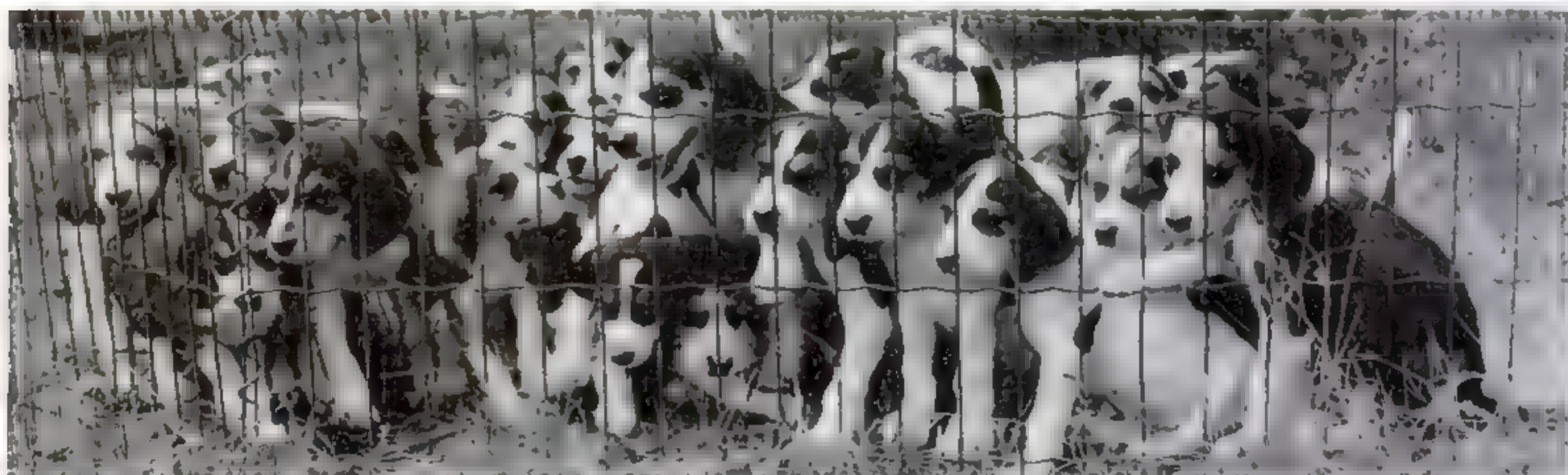
LENA'S LITTER

Pennsylvania dog has a record brood

The mass of puppies sprawling across this page are 15 sons and eight daughters of Lena, the foxhound bitch of Commander W. Newbold Ely of Anabler, Pa. What is unique about them is that they were all born to Lena in one day. It took her all day, however.


In the six months since this record litter was born they have all thrived happily and were weaned at the

age of five weeks. This was fine for Lena, but has been a large chore for everyone else. Lena's family eats twice a day, has a diet of Pablum, milk, meat and powdered vitamins. It consumes 100 pounds of puppy biscuits every three days. Owner Ely, who is also owner of *Judge* magazine, is hoping to keep all 23 and train them to be good fox hunters like their mother.



PUPPIES SHARED SAME KENNEL AT THREE MONTHS (ABOVE) AND SIX MONTHS (BELOW). OWNER ELY, NOW IN PACIFIC, IS FACED WITH PROJECT OF NAMING ALL 23 OF THEM





*Both far and near
to ALL - Good Cheer*

Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you
that at Christmastime when you get together
the best of everything for real enjoyment... the
cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is * * *

CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*

Is there a Party hiding in your Ice-box?

PARTY DISHES that win loud applause often come out of "left-overs", these food-saving days.

In countless kitchens the file of clever recipes and good ideas grows bulkier as the wartime months roll by.

Here are some new ones to add to *your* collection...to help you find pride and pleasure in using "every crumb, every drop."

Casseroles from Left-overs

Delicious casseroles may be made from left over cooked meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, rice, macaroni, and noodles. Sauté meat with minced onion in fat. Combine ingredients with well-seasoned gravy or sauce, using $\frac{1}{2}$ as much sauce as total other ingredients. Sautéed mushrooms, green pepper, celery, tomato, or special seasonings may be added. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Good Flavor Combinations for Casseroles

1. **Beef.** White onions, peas, carrots, and gravy. Or celery, rice, tomato sauce, onion and green pepper.
2. **Lamb.** Green beans, rice, a few raisins, and curry sauce. Or cooked turnips, peas, carrots, and gravy, make a butter on top of overlapping thin slices of potato and brush with melted fat before baking.
3. **Veal.** Lima beans, corn, and tomato sauce in nest of well-seasoned spaghetti. Or cloves, sautéed mushrooms, carrots, potato balls or cubes, and gravy.

Jell-O Ice Box Medleys

Fruit Medleys for Desserts: For a soft-jellied dessert, dissolve any flavor of Jell-O in 2½ cups water and drain off fruit juice.

Add any left over fruits—canned, frozen, or fresh to slightly thickened Jell-O and chill, stirring occasionally. Here are some inviting fruit combinations:

1. Pears, orange sections, and grapes (illustrated).
2. Red apple, cut in match stick pieces, and prunes stirred with cream or cottage cheese. Add a dash of grated orange rind.
3. Peaches and raspberries or cherries and grapes.
4. Pineapple, banana, and marshmallow.

Vegetable Medleys for Salads: Dissolve Jell-O as directed on package. Chill until slightly thickened. Marinate leftover vegetables in 1 to 2 teaspoons vinegar, salt pepper and scraped onion. Let stand 1½ to 15 minutes. Fold into Jell-O, turn into molds, chill until firm. Here are some delicious suggestions:

1. Peas, celery, and strips of pimiento.
2. Grated raw carrot, shredded cabbage, green pepper.
3. String beans, peas, carrots and celery strips.
4. Diced beets, shredded cabbage, and horse-radish. Or beets, peas, and celery.

Nothing beats Jell-O for stretching bits of left-overs... fruit, vegetables, meat, fish... into large and luscious desserts, partitioned molded salads, substantial main dishes. Be sure to get genuine Jell-O—it's extra-rich with genuine "locked-in" flavor.



Produce and Conserve...
Share and Play Square...



Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods

"Use every crumb, every drop!"



BEWARE
MARRYING MANVILLE
LIVES HERE



ENTRANCE TO MANVILLE DINING ROOM HAS RECORD CABINET. WEDDING-MARCH RECORDS ARE MUCH WORN. SIGNS LIKE ONE OVER DOOR GIVE ESTATE A FRATERNITY-HOUSE AIR

BON REPOS

TOMMY MANVILLE SELLS FURNISHINGS
BECAUSE OF THE SERVANT SHORTAGE

For 18 jolly years the wildest brawls in New York's Westchester County took place on the five-acre estate that belonged to Tommy Manville and was named Bon Repos (Sleep Tight). Bought for \$400,000 and equipped with no expense spared, Bon Repos was a regular point of call for New Rochelle police on nights when its host was giving one of his riotous parties. Manville once called his place "Bon Brawl." His friends frequently called it the "Observation Ward." But lately the Manville fortune has been liberally

tapped by seven Manville divorcees and now stands at \$10,000,000. His last yacht, scene of his more exclusive parties and named the "No. 1" was sold in 1938. Three years ago he moved out of his 29-room mansion into his seven-room guest house. Last week, with the help situation at its worst, Manville took the next to last step, put all the furnishings of Bon Repos on the auction block. As 1,500 curious people came to stare at the furnishings, Manville got ready to move into a five-room, three-bath apartment in New York City.



The manor house is on Long Island Sound. Besides furniture such playthings as motion picture projectors, electric trains were auctioned. Pinball machines were not.



Gates to estate are reached by private road over causeway. Although "Bon Repos" was guarded by five men, four dogs, searchlights, house was once looted of \$7,500.

What to do FOR COLDS

In addition to temporary relief measures physicians advise these 5 basic steps which help your system throw off a cold. And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue and fights infection.
2 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda is mildly laxative for most people.
3 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon with soda forms sodium citrate, an excellent alkalinizer.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quells.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS



California
Sunkist
Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS



Library had over 450 mystery stories, 65 novels, recording machine which recorded sixth wedding. Pictures of friends were left to decorate frames which were for sale.



Upstairs hall had a photograph of one of Manville's friends and a fire extinguisher. Down hall to right is the "Reno" room, where any disgruntled Manville wives sulked.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Sunbeam

SHAVEMASTER



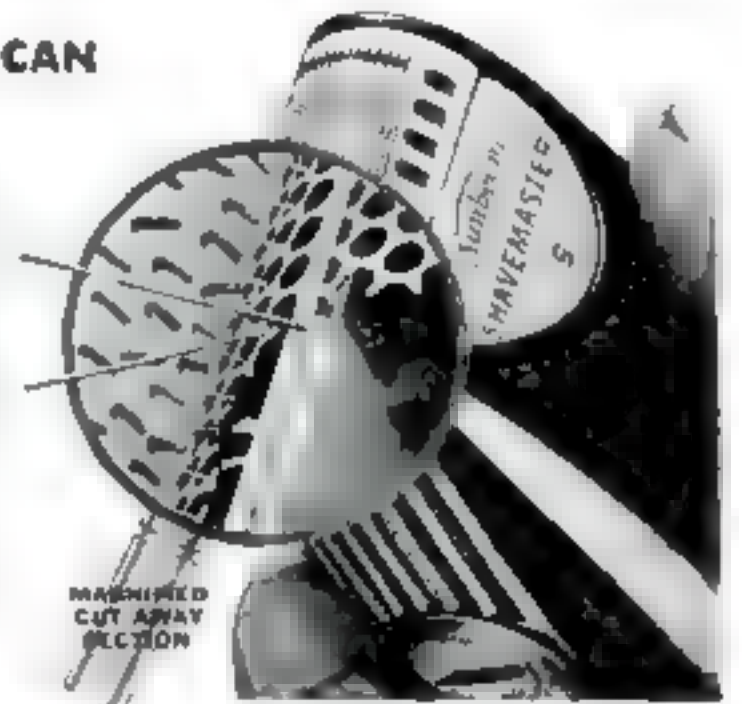
Since war-work replaced Sunbeam Shavemaster production in 1941, we have heard from literally thousands of men, both on the War and Home Fronts, who are using a Sunbeam every day of their lives. Most of them simply write to tell us about the marvelous satisfaction they are getting. Others tell of "doubling up" with lucky friends who own Sunbeam Shavemasters, and how they look forward to owning one of their own later on. The war years have given men an opportunity to compare electric shavers in terms of quick, close shaves and lasting service. The swing is to Sunbeam because of the outstanding service and satisfaction it is delivering both overseas and at home.

● ONLY *Sunbeam* SHAVEMASTER CAN USE THIS PATENTED PRINCIPLE

This Hollow Ground, double-edge cutter speeds over-and-back in lightning-fast, half-circle oscillations. It is pressed tight against the inner surface of the comb by centrifugal force—gets the whiskers coming and going for quick, close, comfort-shaves.

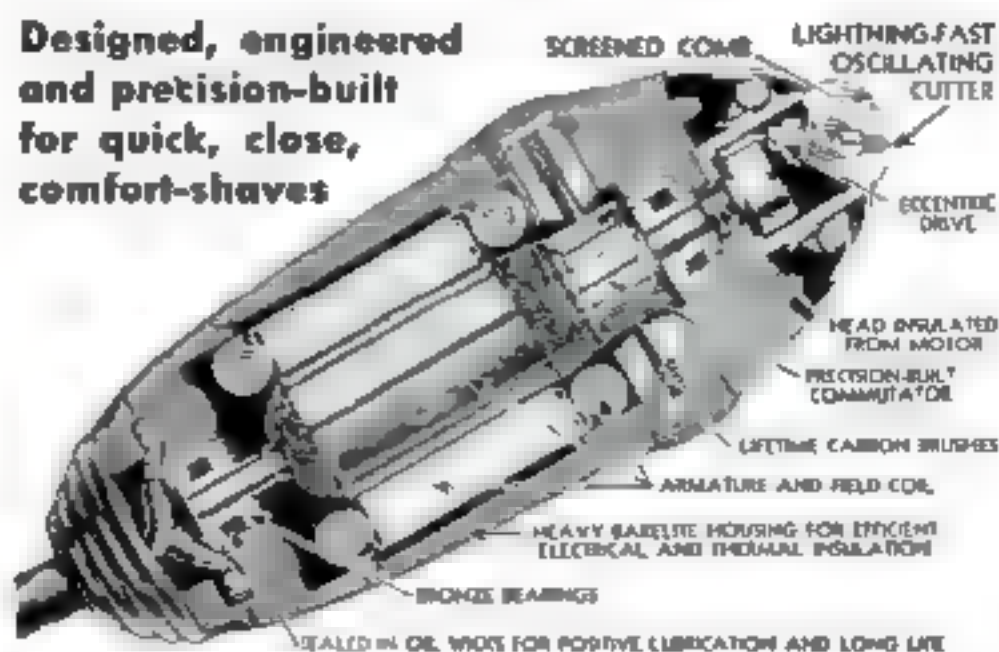
This 2-thousandths inch thin, screened comb picks up the beard the way it grows. The holes are so close together, and there are so many of them, the whiskers enter freely and easily for swift, smooth shaving.

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS—NOTE! This patented construction makes possible a quick, efficient method of self-sharpening. Ask your dealer about the exclusive Sunbeam Compound that sharpens in a jiffy. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once.



● IT'S THE SHAVER WITH THE POWERFUL UNIVERSAL MOTOR

Designed, engineered and precision-built for quick, close, comfort-shaves



Another big reason why Sunbeam Shavemaster is standing up and delivering the goods is its powerful, brush-type, series-wound motor (Model R). Shavemaster is the electric shaver with a real universal motor that provides dependable POWER for the exclusive, patented head.

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS—NOTE! If you need a new Comb and Cutter Set (New Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send \$1. We'll ship promptly.

Sunbeam Shavemaster will be on sale again as soon as conditions permit. In the meantime, buy a War Bond and save for a shaver.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5600 West Roosevelt Road, Dept. 53
Chicago 30, Ill. • Canada Factory:
321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto 9

Makers of *Sunbeam* MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.



It's No Secret! UNIVERSAL Pajamas

... get the nod from men and boys everywhere. Universals waft their wearers into the land of dreams on soft, warm flannelette. They are designed for slumber-wooning comfort. Mothers know how well they launder... how long they wear. Fashioned by Reliance, of course, who also makes AYWON Shirts for men, PENROD Shirts for boys. These and other fine quality Reliance garments make *swell* gifts! At better stores as often as Reliance's military commitments permit civilian shipments.

WAR BONDS—BUY THEM OFTEN AND KEEP THEM

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St., Chicago 4, Illinois
New York Offices: 200 Fifth Avenue... 1350 Broadway
MAKERS OF *Entenada Shirts and Slacks* • *Key Whitney and Happy Home Frocks* • *Universal Pajamas and Shirts* • *No-Tare Shorts* • *Big Yank Flannel Shirts* • *Yankshire Coats* • *Aywon Shirts*



Avenne Taylor, Manville's third wife, decorated the mansion stairway with her bigger-than-life-size photograph. Portraits of a few of the other wives were even larger.



The master bedroom had a ten-piece suite of burl walnut, a velvet bolster with impressive monogram, a nude painting, an artificial fireplace and 18 fire extinguishers.

Have a "Coke" = Merry Christmas



...adding refreshment to holiday cheer

The spirit of good will rules the Christmas season. It's a time to get together with friends and family... a time when all we mean by *home* in its graciousness and friendliness is at its peak. In such an atmosphere Coca-Cola belongs, ice-cold and sparkling with life. There's a whole story of hospitality in the three words *Have a "Coke"*,—three words that

express a friendly spirit the whole year 'round. Yes, Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* are everyday symbols of a way of living that takes friendliness for granted.

* * *

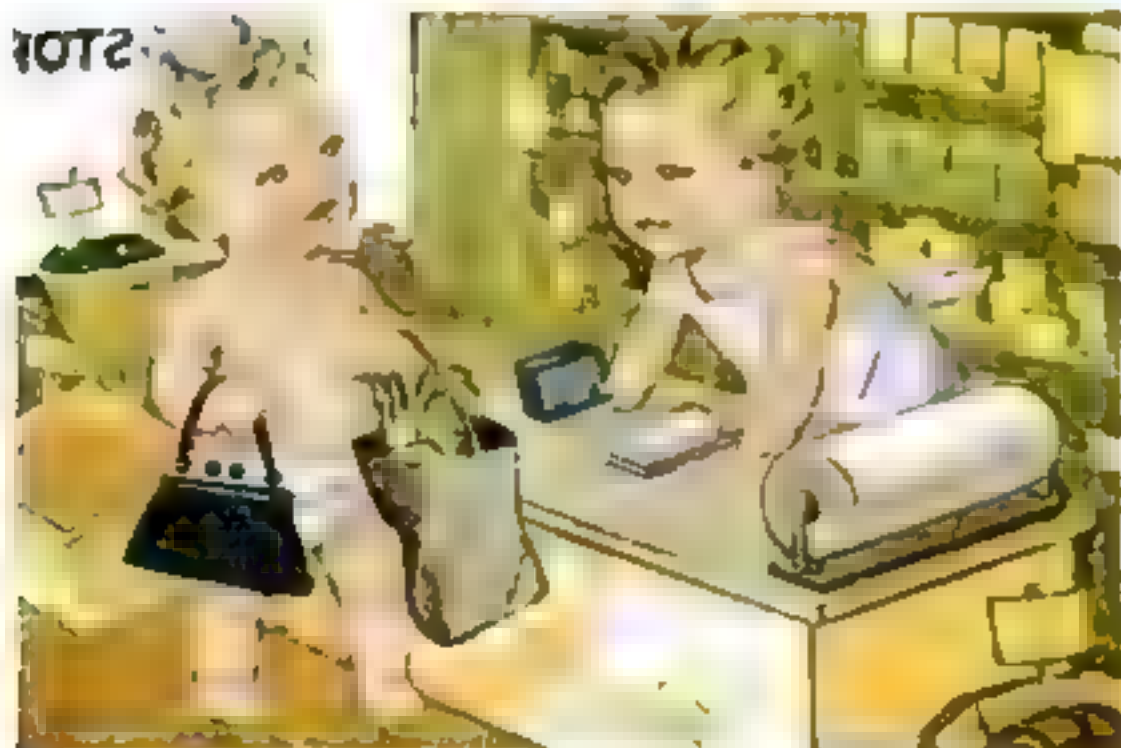
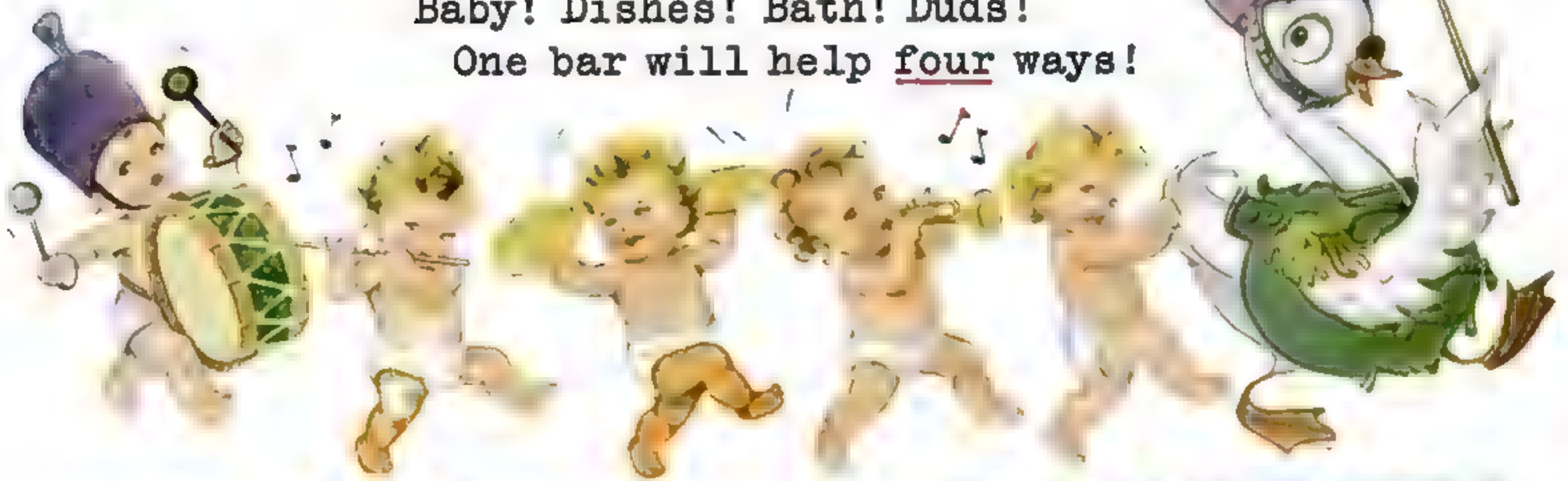
Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviation. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

COPYRIGHT 1968 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Hooray for snowy Swan suds!
 Your purity we praise!
 Baby! Dishes! Bath! Duds!
 One bar will help four ways!



1 Hunting soaps of four kinds
 Is a job indeed.
 But girls who stick to Swan find
One is all they need!



2 Wartime babies can't get
 Imported fine castles.
 But Swan's so pure! So don't fret!
 And, my, how mild Swan feels!



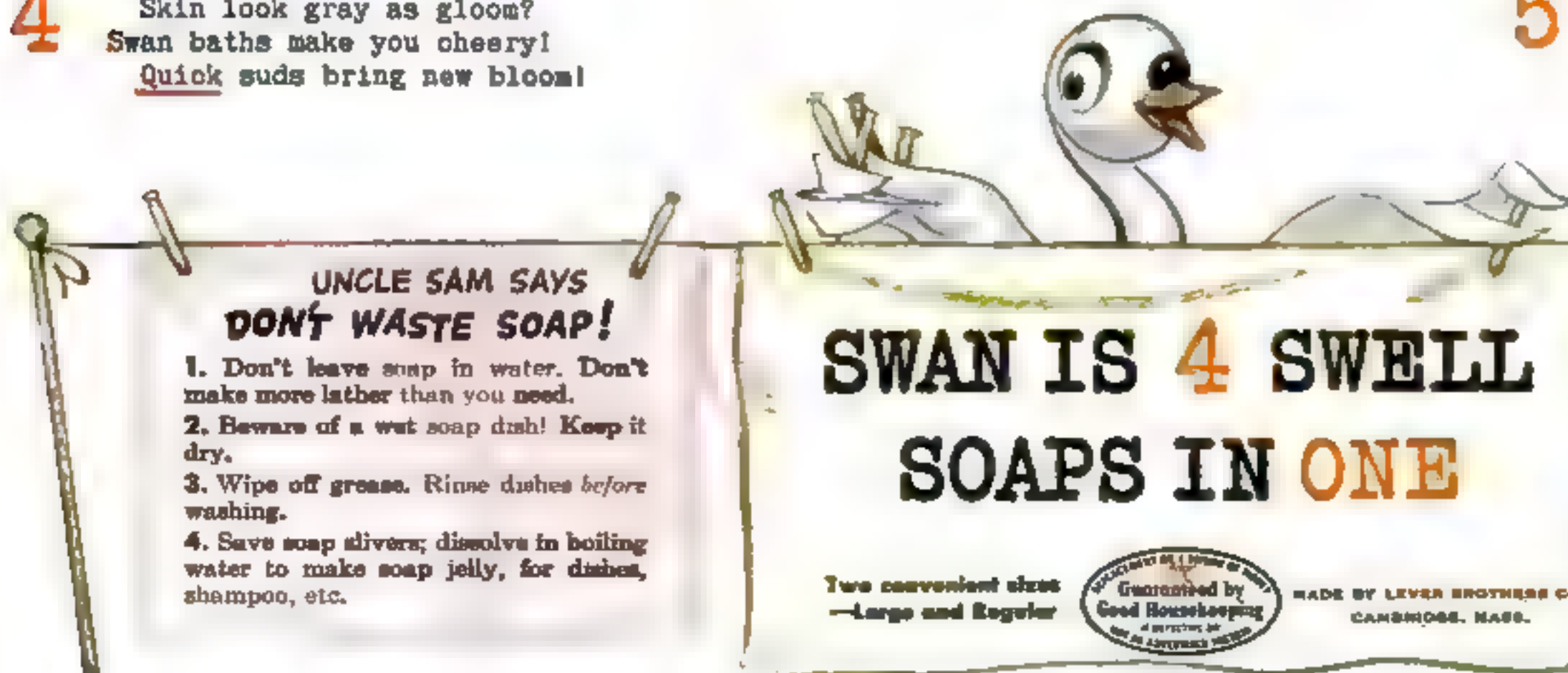
4 War job leave you weary?
 Skin look gray as gloom?
 Swan baths make you cheery!
Quick suds bring new bloom!



3 Swan's a whiz for dishes.
 Mild! And rich as oream!
 Suds up in quick swishes—
 Helps keep hands a dream!



5 Gentle Swan will pamper
 Dainty duds as well.
 So you'd better scamper—
 Buy three cakes! It's swell!



**UNCLE SAM SAYS
 DON'T WASTE SOAP!**

1. Don't leave soap in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease. Rinse dishes before washing.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly, for dishes, shampoo, etc.

**SWAN IS 4 SWELL
 SOAPS IN ONE**

Two convenient sizes
 —Large and Regular



MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO.
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

**GRACIE
 ALLEN
 SAYS**

You'll love our jokes,
 So tune in, folkses!
 Every Tuesday's
 Chase-the-blues day!



Listen to George Burns
 & Gracie Allen, CBS, Tuesday nights.

INDUCTION HEATING OF METAL



Head of lug is brought to red heat in magnetic field of induction coil.

These color photographs demonstrate a new and versatile industrial process called induction heating. They also present a puzzle. An assortment of metal objects is shown here, glowing with incandescent heat. Source of the energy that produces this heat is the coils of copper pipe. Yet, during the whole process of heating these coils remain cool, as can be seen in the pictures. They are, in fact, water-cooled.

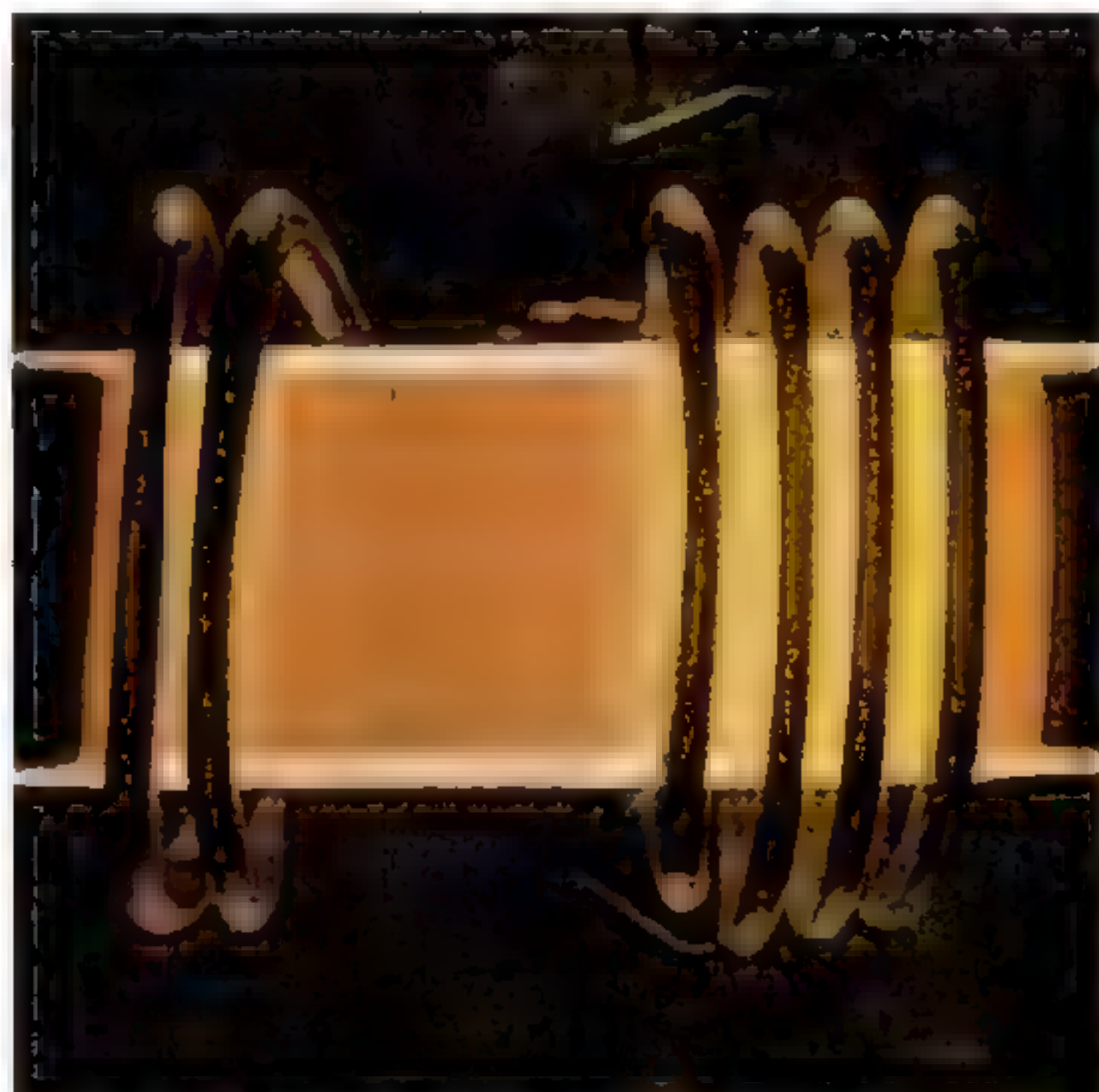
Answer to this puzzle is that induction heating makes the metal heat itself. The induction-heating coil carries a high-frequency alternating electric current, which sets up a magnetic field around the coil. With each alternation of current

the magnetic field is reversed in direction. In a metal object placed within the field, this continuing process of alternation induces an alternating electric current, which sets the atomic particles of the metal in violent agitation. Agitation of the particles results in heat.

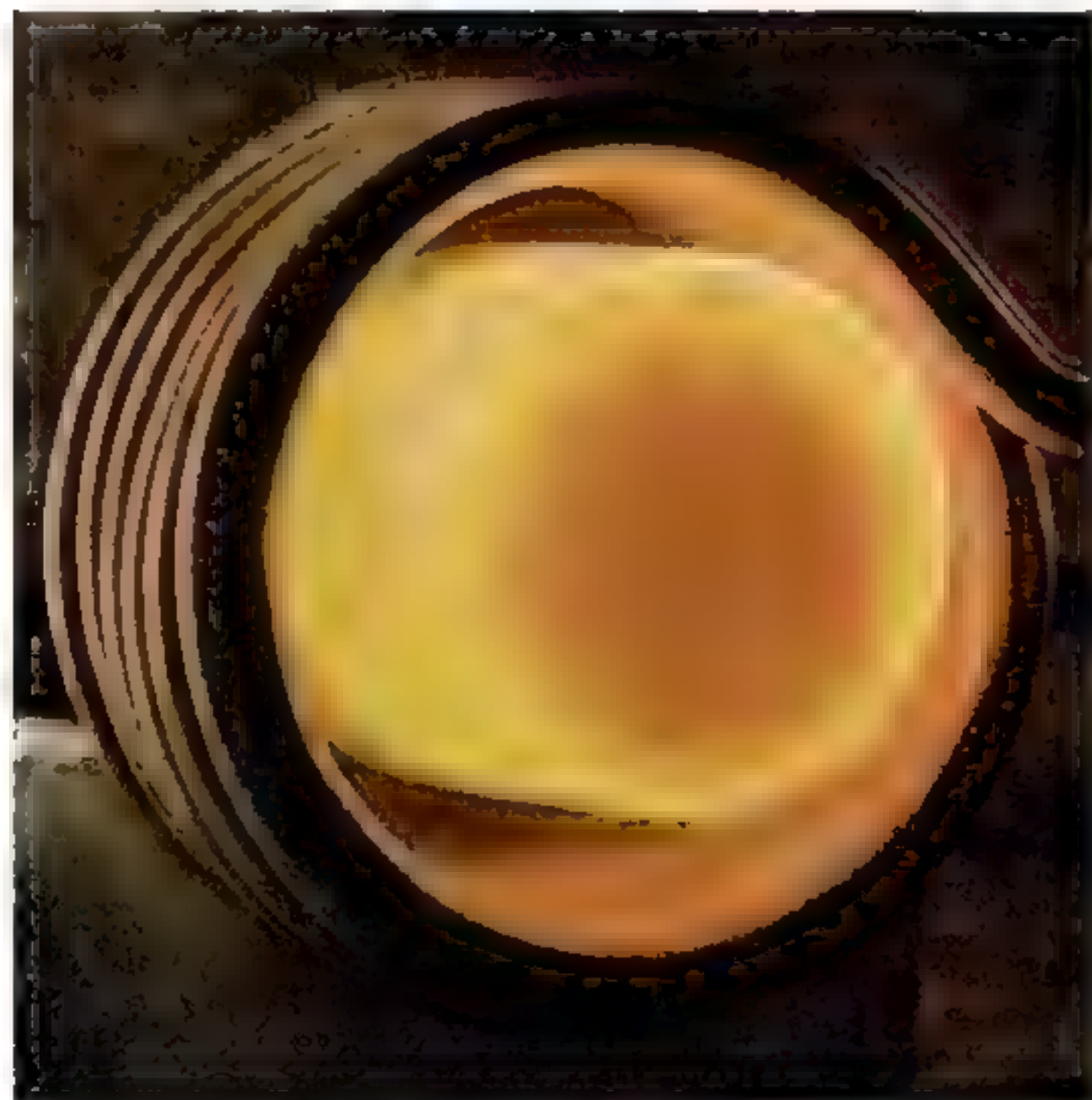
Induction heating's chief virtue is its high speed. When it is used for surface-hardening as shown on this page, the induction coil brings a metal surface almost instantly to white heat. After quenching the surface becomes hard and brittle and thus resistant to wear, while the unheated core metal remains unhardened and thus retains its toughness and elasticity.



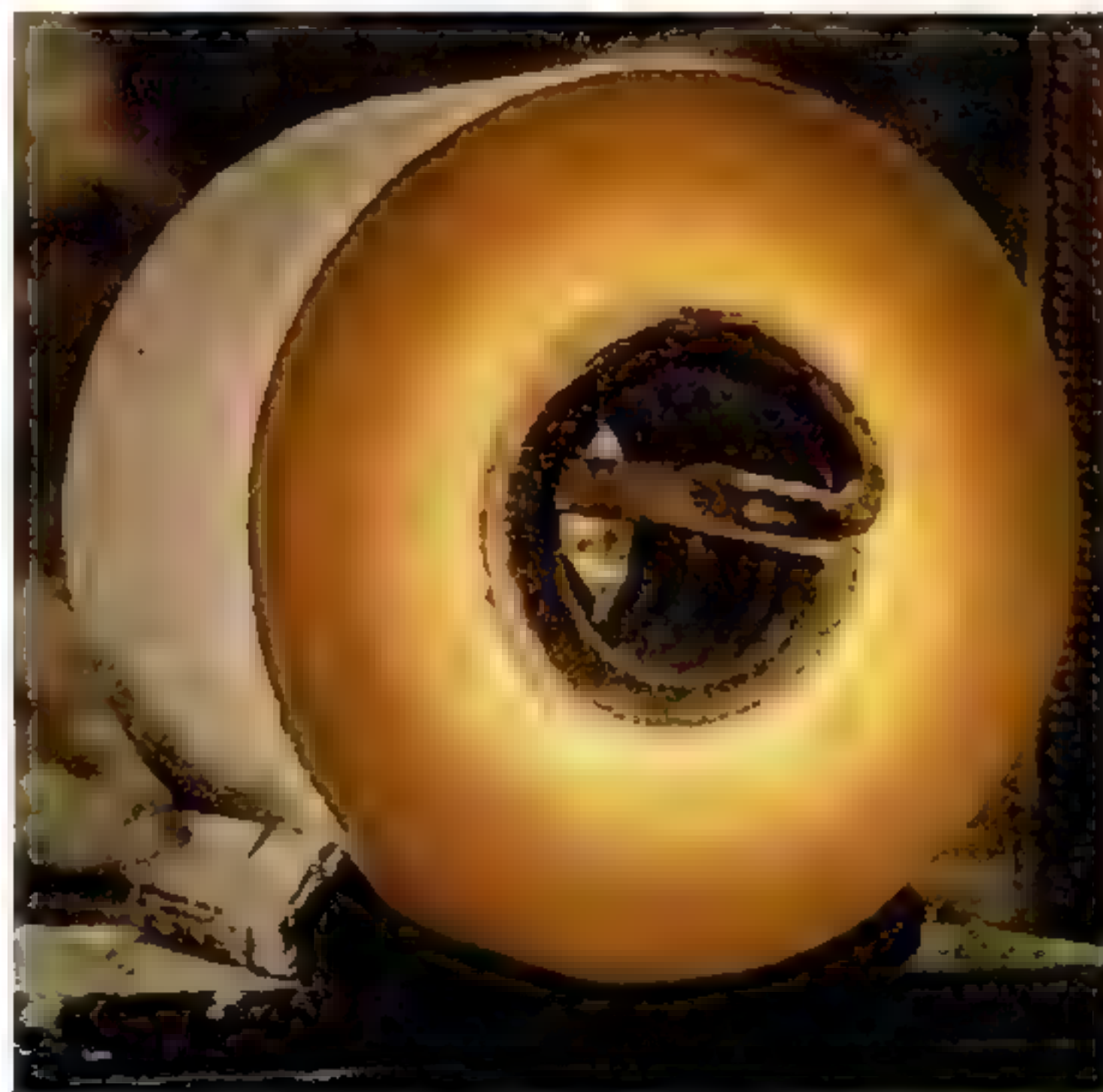
Teeth of gear glow white-hot while gear wheel itself remains cool and unaffected. Purpose of operation is to harden wearing surfaces of teeth without destroying strength of wheel.



Two coils, one with two turns and one with four turns, heat metal bar at two different points. Induction coils required less than 20 seconds to bring metal bar up to white heat.



While heat penetrates only outer metal of steel bar. Induction process creates heat so quickly that surface of metal is white-hot before heat can be conducted to core of metal.



Inside surface of steel cylinder is heated to a shallow depth by coil inserted inside. Demonstrations were photographed at Eastern Heat Treating & Brazing Corp., New York City.



These things will live

There will be a hush that deepens with the night as the noisy tremors of a world at war subside . . . Mankind again will live with dignity and pride in the clean atmosphere of triumph over tyranny . . . Hope is justifiably strong as another

Yuletide draws near that a great new epoch in the affairs of men and nations may not be too far away—that out of the suffering and destruction of war will flower a lasting peace truly worthy of the sentiments men voice at Christmas.

STUDEBAKER

Part of America's life and traditions since 1852

INSIDE RED CHINA

From remote, inaccessible Yen-an comes an account of Communist resistance against merciless Japanese

by TEDDY WHITE

Time and LIFE's Far East Correspondent Teddy White recently flew from Chungking to Yen-an, the mountain-shrouded capital of Communist North China. There he talked with the Party leaders, peasants and guerrillas who for seven years have been waging their own independent war against the Japanese. In this article Mr. White tells of their long struggle and recounts some of the atrocities committed against them (as against all Chinese) by the Japs.

In the current crisis of the Asiatic war the Chinese Communists hold a crucial position. In recent months the Japs have scored a great land victory, splitting Free China in two and threatening to knock it out of the war. To meet this threat the U. S. government has been urging Generalissimo Chiang K'ai-shek to accept the Communists' help in a united campaign to stop the Jap invaders. Last week the news hinted that some such political truce might be in the making. Chiang appointed the able and modern-minded T. V. Soong as premier of the Chungking government. A high Communist leader, Chou En-lai, flew to Chungking from Yen-an in a U. S. Army plane. There was hope that the dire adversity might at least temporarily solve the deep-rooted ideological differences.

You come down on Yen-an from the air, over the wastelands of North China and over loess hills with their tops sliced off. You feel that you are going into a bandits' lair—remote, inaccessible, awe-inspiring, surmounted with an incongruously lovely T'ang pagoda yellow against the China-blue sky.

But once on the ground and with dust swirling over you, whipped by a cold and brazen wind, the familiar smells and sounds are those of old North China. There are mules and horsemen, yellow loess and foot-deep dust, tufted camels from the deserts, the people themselves in shaggy woollens and thick yellow paddings.

This is as it always has been, except that now there is something else—a gloss, a bustle, a driving, vigorous energy that is new. The people are younger, sturdier; bugles shrill and echo and rebound from hill to hill in fine silver tones at dawn. There is an undercurrent of movement, confusion and excitement.

Soon, however, this impression resolves itself into a feeling that this is not a capital and not an experimental Shangri-La—but that this is a camp, an active field headquarters, or a provisional command post that has been pitched at a particular moment in history and that the camp itself can be struck and dissolved and moved on tomorrow if it need be.

There are 40,000-odd citizens in the township. Twelve thousand of them are natives of north Shensi Province—here since before the records of history began. The rest are the brains and heart, the everlasting core of the Chinese Communist Party with its arteries of bureaus and other organs of operation.

Everything revolves about two separate clusters of buildings which house the headquarters of the army and the headquarters of the Party. Army headquarters are tucked away beneath hills in a compound of mud and gray brick buildings in a garden of limpid loveliness. Party headquarters are three miles up the river in two large buildings of brick.

Out of these two separate headquarters go the orders and directives to all agents and units of Communist movements throughout the length and breadth of the land—to the guerrillas in the hills, to the underground in Japanese-occupied cities and to the radio network that links the Party together.

Yen-an itself is unimportant. It is a window, a great, open peephole into the vast areas that the Japanese have conquered. The people within this tiny goblet of loess are the eyes, ears, nerves and tentacles of the Communist war against Japan. Through them the Party decides what shall be done for the guerrillas ceaselessly fighting the armies of Japan and her puppets, for the Communist army and for the armed militia. When you listen to the people talk it is as if someone had thrown open the grate of a furnace and inside you could see the terrible cruelty of the flames.

Here, behind and flanking the advance lines of Japanese conquest, war

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The two top Communist leaders have ruled for almost 17 years, are grim, hardheaded, tough. At left (above) is Mao Tse-tung, Party chairman, at right is Chu Teh, army commander. Their wives, bold, ardent Party workers, are shown below, Madame Mao, at left, Madame Chu, right.



For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders
(Drill Order)

Esmond-up-Zee, Salamanca, Perpetua, Waterloo,
Lucknow, Nile 1884, '85, Aeneas, 1914, Hindenburg Line,
Macedonia 1915, 18

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the International
Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos
Aires, Argentina, 1910... one of
more than 60 medals honoring
Dewar's "White Label" for excellence
in Scotch Whisky.



IN MAPPING out your social strategy, start out with this shining fact... THERE IS NO RETREAT IN QUALITY FOR DEWAR'S SCOTCH! We consider it a point of honour to maintain the quality which has won 60 honours all over the whole world! Command Dewar's and be "at ease."

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"
Liqueur Scotch



White Label

Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE

"AT EASE"

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Both 86 & Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp. N. Y.



Anti-Japanese university in Yanan caves trains young Chinese, helps indoctrinate Japanese not considered incorrigible. This is Soviet-styled entrance to president's office.

INSIDE RED CHINA (continued)

has gone on without letup since 1937. The Communist armies can marshal as many as 20,000 to 30,000 trained fighters for a single operation in one area. And beneath this striking power there is a base of peasant popular support spreading out behind and around the routes of Japanese circulation throughout all of North Central China. There are some areas measuring 100 by 100 miles in which no enemy dares set foot.

The organization is not like that of an armed conspiracy of raiding hunters nor is it led by a band of Chinese Robin Hoods. It is a vital, integrated military and political movement that has, provisionally at least, solved the most vexing problems of Chinese peasant society. Eight years ago North China was a backward, unhappy political vacuum. The new nationhood of China was confined to cities and railway zones. The peasants in hill villages and roadless plains were still boxed in semifeudal ignorance, superstitious slaves to never-ending labor, captives of the land and of the landlords.

The Communists, wise and shrewd with 15 years of merciless class warfare, knew how great were the social tensions in the villages and how much power was locked up in the immobile struggle between the landlords and landless, between the rich and poor. As their army expanded it carried with it as a packaged unit its political organizers. These were to reorganize the social structure. The peasants were told to elect their own governments and officials. They were urged to cut rents and reduce interest rates from 40% a year to 20%. The landlords were given guarantees that rent would be paid and interest accounted for. Patriotic intellectuals and students who left routine careers at the start of war were called in to staff the government and act as administrators. They have succeeded in resolving these tremendous internal tensions into an all-consuming, external war against the enemy: the Jap.

It is their war against the Japs that has made the Communists popular among the people. The Communists offered the peasants protection. And they offered resistance, the only possible outlet for the terrible, quenchless hatred of the Chinese peasant for the Japanese soldier.

"Kill all! Burn all! Loot all!"

What the Japanese have done to occupied China is one of the most monstrous historic crimes ever perpetrated against one people by another. In a sense it is so great that the Japanese themselves have been trapped, for as each succeeding barbarity failed of success it called forth some new device and doctrine of savagery. In seven years the baffled Japanese have arrived at a total political bankruptcy in North China that is summed up in a new Japanese army slogan: "Kill all, burn all, loot all."

From one end of North China to another the hills and valleys are dotted with the blackened, empty shells of villages which the Japanese have razed. But because of the relentless opposition to them, the invaders have had to dig protective trenches and ditches parallel with their railway lines for hundreds of miles. Blockhouses are strung out along the highways and the hillcrests are crowned with strongpoints. Every bridge is guarded by blockhouses. Telephone poles are sometimes set in concrete to protect them against guerrilla destruction. Yet none of these Japanese devices has been able to halt the organization of popular peasant resistance.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

STARTING POWER *for a Mechanized Army*



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

STARTING POWER *for a War-Working Home Front*



The 3 Fundamentals of BATTERY CARE

- 1 Add water regularly
- 2 Keep connections clean and tight
- 3 Recharge when necessary

Delco batteries are today meeting the needs of the armed forces—in planes, tanks, combat cars, trucks and other military vehicles.

Millions more are helping to maintain essential transportation at home—in cars, trucks and buses.

This double demand on *starting power* gives every Delco battery an important assignment to carry out on the fighting front or the home front. And it gives every civilian car owner this urgent command: *Don't*

waste starting power by neglecting your battery . . . don't squander it by buying a new battery when your present one is still serviceable.

Make it a practice to see your Delco battery dealer every two weeks for inspection and service. His good judgment will tell him when your present battery has outlived its usefulness. Your good judgment will tell you to replace with a Delco battery—for extra starting power, for long life, for dependability.

When You Must Replace
REPLACE WITH A

DELCO BATTERY

Delco batteries are built for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses and tractors. They are sold by 40,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

★ **DON'T LET UP, OR YOU'LL LET A FIGHTER DOWN—KEEP ON BUYING BONDS** ★

DELCO-REMY ★ WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN



FOR HOLIDAY ZEST AND EVERYDAY CHEER

THE MEAL'S BETTER, the talk's brighter, the day's righter, when the coffee's served. Nothing under the sun can match it for delicious fragrance and flavor. Nothing can touch it for eye brightening enjoyment. Be sure it's made right. Full strength, fresh every time, brewed to the full capacity of the pot. Any time, anywhere, it's the all-American drink for all Americans. Have another cup!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA COSTA RICA
CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
EL SALVADOR MEXICO VENEZUELA

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

*have
another
cup!*

COFFEE

The Friendly Drink
from Good Neighbors



Military training for students, who are shown here on the Yenian university parade ground, is part of the Communist program to indoctrinate vigorous young leadership.

INSIDE RED CHINA (continued)

The motive and impulse of war comes from hate. The atrocity lists here in Yenian couldn't even be published in America. Rape in every ingenious variation is commonplace. Murder is a low form of crime. Massacres follow one another with degraded monotony. There were a series of massacres at Pingyang on Oct. 18 last year which became famous. The Japanese gathered the villagers together and cut the head off one girl. Then they impaled it on a chair and forced the people to kneel and contemplate it. This was part of a softening-up process to make them talk. They made the girl's mother fondle the head, then beheaded the mother too. They picked out five pretty women for their pleasure, then herded the rest of the villagers into a cave and burned them to death. They moved on to neighboring villages, burning 16 peasants alive in one spot, eight alive elsewhere. They got tired of simple burning and at the next spot, Shantsuitou, they blindfolded 15 villagers and kicked them alive from the mountaintops.

Up and down the Pingyang area the Japanese roved. Rarely did they waste bullets. In one village the Japanese took a pregnant young woman and summoned 20 other village women to watch as they placed the woman in a coffin and cut her at her breasts. A Japanese soldier inserted his hand and tore the tissue away till he reached her heart. She had died before he reached her heart, but he ripped it out. All this was done as a public demonstration to strengthen army authority. The unit was commanded by a Colonel Arai. The Chinese have recorded many such cases.

So deep is the hatred of the peasantry that it often cuts directly across the Communist Party's efforts to capture Japanese soldiers alive. When Japanese are captured alive they are brought usually to Yenian or some other center for classification. The most radical elements are normally turned over to a Japanese-personnel school for instruction under the direction of a Japanese Communist leader. Incorrigible elements are usually turned over to the central government. The politically advanced elements form the nucleus of the "Japanese People's Emancipation League," which now numbers more than 300 active members engaged in anti-Japanese propaganda and intelligence work.

Three conditions that cause a fight

The regular army of the Communists operates usually in companies and detachments of little more than 400 men. Their basic arms come from supplies captured from the Japs and the troops fight only under special circumstances. They go into action, first, when there is a good opportunity to capture enough rifles and ammunition to make up for what they expend; second, to protect the countryside during the period of the grain harvest when stores are being concentrated; and third, when a major Japanese offensive against one of their own primary administrative centers must be stopped.

The peasants themselves have raised mine warfare to a high level. The Communists began to teach mine warfare to the peasants two years ago. Now local newspapers report the exploits of "mine heroes" the way American sports pages report home-run kings. Old temple bells or scrap are brought to the army arsenal department which gives the peasants the equivalent in mine shells. These the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



Her daddy and Ansco are both proud of this picture.



Double, double-decker...and the thrill is saved by Ansco.

How many out of 8 do you average?

IF YOU'RE like me (or rather, like I *used* to be)... many's the time you've snapped a whole roll of pictures, and wound up with only two or three really good ones.

Batting average way up

But since I discovered *Ansco film*, my batting average is way up.

And I give most of the credit to Ansco, the film that remembers I'm human.

Not that I've become an expert overnight. I still make the same little mistakes of speed and exposure. But *now*... Ansco film helps cover up

for me. And because Ansco sort of offsets my errors, I get swell, heart-warming snapshots darn near every time.

I read somewhere that this quality in a film is known as *latitude*. Whatever it's called, Ansco has plenty of it.

Lots of professionals use Ansco film because of its latitude...so you can imagine how important it is to average shutter snappers like you and me.

Seems to me that Ansco film ought to boost *your* batting average just as it did mine.

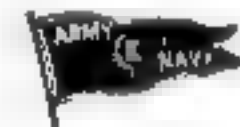
So why don't you try a roll today? Ansco doesn't cost a penny extra. And besides, every roll is guaranteed...

"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free."

Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

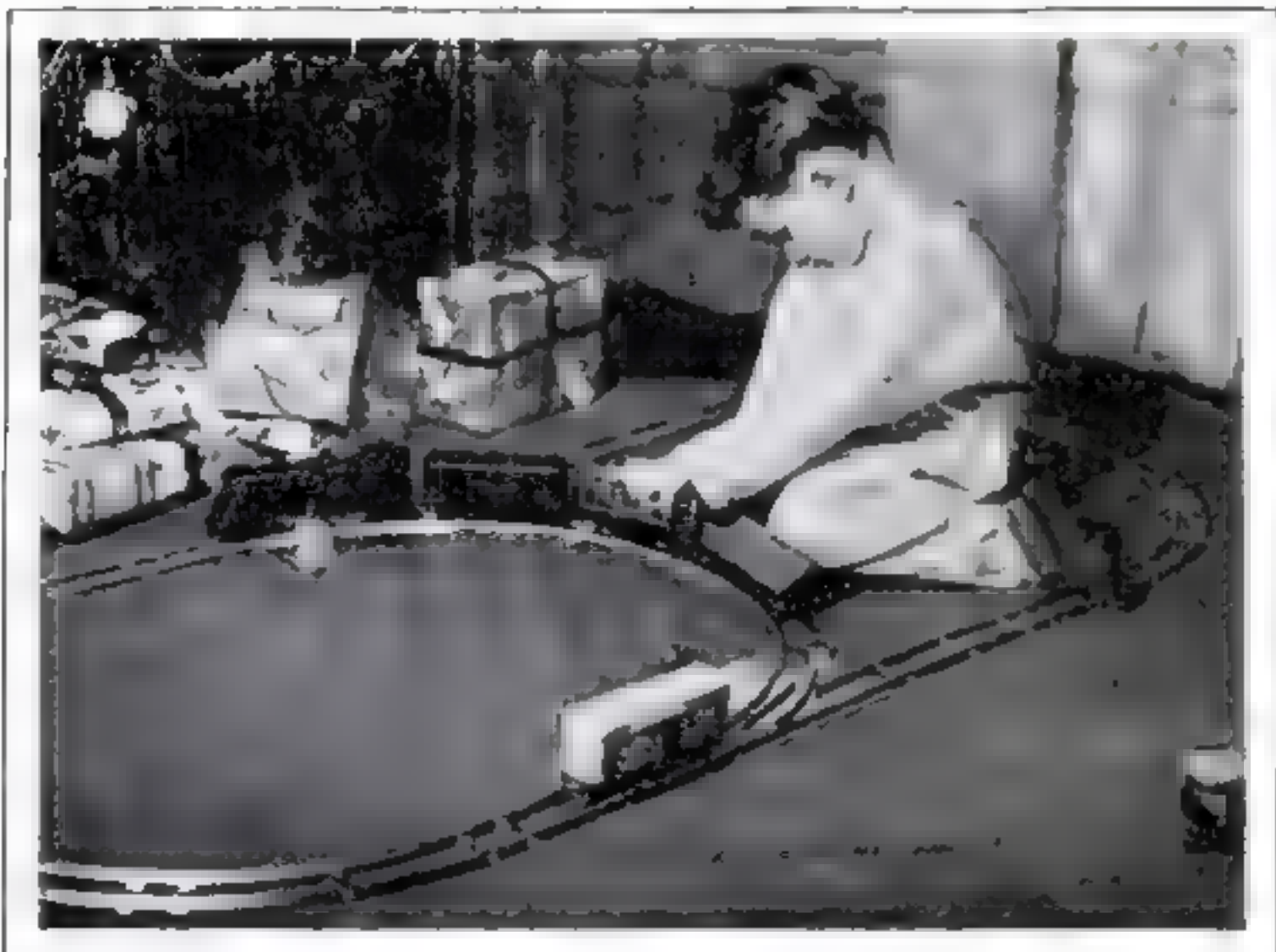
CAMERA NEWS: Postwar editions of our famous cameras like the PIONEER, the CLIPPER, the CADET will be better than ever. And we're planning some very important camera surprises. Keep your eyes on Ansco!



Formerly Ansco

Ansco film · cameras

THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS
YOU'RE HUMAN



Ansco makes this Christmas scene last the year round.



Lucky break...for a guy with Ansco in his camera.



Wines with a past
for your pleasure today

Gala Day long ago

There was bright music—there was happy laughter. For this was a festival day—celebrating a bountiful harvest from the vineyards of Italian Swiss Colony.

A few years before—in 1881—the Colony's pioneers found this ideal place for wine-growing. Here, they planted prized European vine-cuttings. Here, with skill and patience, they made superb wines that captured gold medals at world expositions.

Today, the third generation carries on the traditions of this unusual Colony. And today, the results of those traditions are yours to enjoy. Try the Colony's fine table wines... you'll find real pleasure in the superb color, fragrance, and flavor of Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne.

Enjoy, too, Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines, such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. They're equally fine and equally famous.



ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

SEVEN GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

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INSIDE RED CHINA (continued)

peasants fill with black native powder or smokeless powder produced by the guerrilla governments. There are also mines made of porcelain, logs and rocks. Bridges are mined. Stepstones in brooks are mined. Mines are ringed around Jap blockhouses so that an unwary Jap garrison will blow itself up when it moves about. Some of the villagers mine all approaches to their residences, leaving a different approach clear each night. When Jap raids are threatened, mines can be scattered everywhere—in village squares, by the gate, by hitching posts.

The peasants love hand grenades, too, which they make themselves out of black powder and native fuses. You can go into a country home and see a housewife doing her wash or cooking a meal and on a shelf over her head she has two "potato masher" hand grenades ready for use. It is all a part of the peasantry's preoccupation with war and resistance which also makes it the most perfect intelligence net ever conceived. No Jap moves, no truck passes but what the peasants watch and report. On the hills are long poles, tufted at the top so that from far off they look like brooms. These are alarm signals. When the hilltop sentries see Japs moving on the paths below the tufts are knocked down. Each village is mobilized so that every citizen knows what to do the moment the alarm is given. Women and children disappear into tunnels in the hills.

On the plains, where there is no hill cover, the war has gone underground in the literal sense. The peasants began by building tunnels under the individual villages for hiding, then village was linked up to village. Now there are places where the underground network runs for miles, complete with ventilation chambers to thwart the use of poison gas. The Jap who crawls into such a rabbit warren with a rifle is at the mercy of the peasants.

The Party schools and conferences at Yen-an exist as a laboratory and symposium where the experiences and experiments of outlying areas are discussed, analyzed, debated and raised to the theoretical status of Party policy. The Party and the army are constantly sucking in the alert, energetic elite of mass organizations in the forward areas, training them in schools and pumping them out again. One of the leaders of the Party estimated that between 30,000 and 40,000 such cadres have already been indoctrinated in Yen-an.

Hardheaded pragmatists run the Party

The Party leadership remains in the hands of the same body of men who have directed the movement since it was driven underground almost 17 years ago. They are men in their late 30s or middle 40s, recruited mostly from the ranks of youthful intellectuals who were set ablaze by the great revolution in China in the 1920s. The long, tough years have weeded out the frail in body, the vacillating in conviction, the sterile in ideas. The leaders thus developed into a group of grim, hardheaded pragmatists who cast away tenet after tenet of early Marxist theory. They are hard men and can be rough. So many of their families have been butchered in civil wars that almost all of them live now for their Party and convictions alone. They are proud of their achievements, have an assurance in their work and above all they have the patience and trust in one another that come only from common suffering jointly endured and jointly surmounted.

The top leaders of the Political Council are divorced from actual administration and have leisure for long discussions and extended theoretical reflection. An interview with any member of the council can last five or six hours. Their knowledge of the outside world is primitive, sometimes wrong—but it is combined with an amazing sophistication as to the motives that impel states and masses to action. They preach and revere Marxist shibboleths; and as they abandon one after another they justify each abandonment by historical dialectics. Their policies are now based on an empirical wisdom that comes after years of civil war and war against the Japanese. Within themselves they are trying to weed out the sins of intellectual dogmatism that their younger cadres learn from classics based on Western revolutionary experience and theory. Party leadership is trying to turn the younger theorists back to the study of Chinese society and history for a new program of action.

Said Mao Tse-tung, Communist Party Chairman, stressing the new Party line: "No one has begun in a really serious manner to study political, economic, military and cultural history during the past century, the period of real significance . . . Many of our comrades regard this ignorance or partial knowledge of our own history not as a shame but, on the contrary, as something to be proud of. . . . Since they know nothing about their own country they turn to foreign lands. . . . During recent decades many foreign returned students have made this mistake. They have merely been phonographs, forgetting that their duty is to make something useful to China out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

Every Inch a Pure-Bred

and Every Inch of him
completely nourished
by GAINES!

• Whether you own a champion, or any other lovable dog, today you can feed the complete meal that nourishes *every inch* of him . . . to keep him looking and feeling the way dogs *should* look and feel. There's a heaping portion of *meat meal* in it—the meat meal dogs all love. There are cereals, vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, and vitamins . . . every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need!

This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—that for over 15 years has been the trusted stand-by of big kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

So ask your dealer for GAINES DOG MEAL. It's the meal that supplies complete nourishment—a meal that dogs just love—a meal surprisingly cheap to feed—prepared in less than a minute. The largest-selling dog food in all America!

How **EVERY INCH** of your dog is nourished by Gaines!

Expressed in terms of everyday foods, here are the equivalent food values your dog receives in **EVERY POUND** of this balanced meal:



The body and strength-building proteins in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef



The energy-producing carbohydrates in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal



For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the fats in 1 oz. butter



For strong bones and teeth—the minerals in 1½ lbs. cheese



For red-blooded vitality—the iron in ½ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The vitamin A in 5 eggs; the thiamin (B₁) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread, the riboflavin (B₂) in 1 qt. milk; the niacin in ½ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

In 2-lb., 5-lb.,
10-lb., 25-lb.
and 50-lb. bags

the Complete Meal

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

FOR ALL DOGS
GAINES



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ELASTIC'S BACK

IN SANTA'S PACK

Santa's showing off his new ALL ELASTIC Paris Garters and Suspenders and to be doubly secure—a fine leather Paris Belt. Be a happy Santa, too. Head your shopping list with Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts—tops in style and quality. Ask for Paris today—at fine stores everywhere.

All Elastic Paris Garters 55c to \$1.
Free-Swing Paris Suspenders \$1 and up.
Distinctive Paris Belts \$1 to \$7.

Say "Merry Christmas" with

PARIS

GARTERS • SUSPENDERS • BELTS

INSIDE RED CHINA (continued)

of the imported stuff they have learned. The Communist Party has not escaped this infection."

At present the basic foreign policy of the Party is directed at the U. S. in recognition of the fact that we will be the strongest power in the Pacific and that we are a great ally now against the hated Japanese. In pursuing that policy the Party in all its declarations is now trying to sell three ideas to the U. S. The first is that their party disposes terrific power in the battle against Japan, a power that can be coordinated directly with the U. S. efforts. The second is that the Party itself, its government and its armies, is based upon a functioning, democratic system. The third is that the Party is willing to go to any length to be friends with the U. S.

There is no question about the military power that the Communist Party disposes. Its extent is reflected in the disposition of Jap and satellite troops.

There can be just as little question at present about democratic methods. The Communist Party is for democracy currently because democracy pays. You take a peasant who has been kicked, swindled and beaten and whose fathers have transmitted to him the memory of oppression reaching back for centuries, then you treat him like a man, ask his opinion, let him vote for his local government and police, let him vote himself a reduction in rents, let him vote himself an army and militia—if you do all that you have given him a stake in society and he will be willing to fight both for society and the Party that has given him this stake. Behind the Japanese lines the peasant follows the Party because the Party has given him a stake in his society. To follow or vote for anyone else or any other party would seem ridiculous to him.

Whether or not such blanket Communist leadership in democracy can be maintained after the war in large cities where political corruption is possible and where the urban middle class fears and hates Communism—and where there is a well-organized, well-moneyed, eloquent opposition party—remains for the future to decide. The Communists feel that if all adults of all classes are given a vote the Party can retain control of the masses and that, therefore, democracy is precisely the best medium for the three-fold development of China itself, of the Communist Party and of the masses.

In proclaiming their friendship with the U. S. the Communists at present are sincere and if their friendship is reciprocated it can become a lasting thing. The war against Japan has been so bitter and soul-consuming that the Communists have become out-and-out nationalist while at the same time any enemy of the Japanese becomes a sworn friend of theirs. The U. S., as the chief enemy of Japan, is their friend and they feel, in addition, that the U. S. can be the greatest aid in producing peace and the future orderly development of China. They say that China has had too much war, and it is true that since 1911 the country has run with blood, destruction and pestilence. The people are surfeited.

The Chinese Communist Party, deriving its theory out of experience, has come a long way since its early policies of land confiscation and indiscriminate hostility toward all Western powers. Presently it wants American friendship more than any other single conditioning force for the future China. It wants this friendship, however, not as a beggar seeks charity but as a friend seeks aid in furthering a joint cause. With or without this friendship, however, their war against Japan will go on till victory or death. In victory they will remember who were friends and who stood coldly aloof.



Students work hard, study hard, live hard under portraits of Russia's Joseph Stalin and F. D. R. This picture is from newly released March of Time film, *Inside China Today*.

YOU'RE SURE WHEN YOU SAY

"CHRISTMAS"

SURE that, on that hallowed day, loved ones far away will be thinking of their family...their fireside...and YOU.

SURE that twinkling lights and holly wreaths and gleaming Christmas trees will brighten millions of American homes.

SURE that the spirit of "good will"—despite a world at war—still lives in the hearts of men. This Christmas of 1944 is the first in many years to bring tidings of "Peace On Earth"—not yet complete

—but not far off. To celebrate it moderately, thoughtfully...gratefully...to give gifts modestly, carefully and wisely—is in keeping with the spirit of the times.

If fine whiskey is on your list of "Things to be Bought", may we offer you this sound suggestion: "Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas".

When you say Seagram's—you're SURE of the Finest—SURE that the whiskey you buy is true Pre-War Quality.

Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN:
America's greatest
whiskey value. Blended
Whiskey, 72% Grain
Neutral Spirits, 86.8
Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN:
Designed for Your
Pleasure. Blended
Whiskey, 67% Grain
Neutral Spirits, 86.8
Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O.: Canadian
Blended Whisky
at its Glorious Best. A
Blend of Rare Selected
Whiskies, 86.8 Proof,
6 Years Old.



Give **Seagram's** and be Sure....of Pre-War Quality



What about Television?

The day is coming when your home will be a stage for the world of events . . . *through television!* And when that day comes, Philco will be in the forefront of the developments that bring this new source of good living to your door. In the Philco laboratories, years of research and millions of dollars have been devoted to improving the sharpness, clarity and detail of the television picture. Through its television station WPTZ in Philadelphia, Philco has advanced the technique of television broadcasting. And Philco research has taken part in the development of the first television network, now in operation between New York, Schenectady and Philadelphia, forerunner of the chains that will make television nationwide. When Victory is won, Philco research will be ready again to speed the day when television will be here for all to enjoy

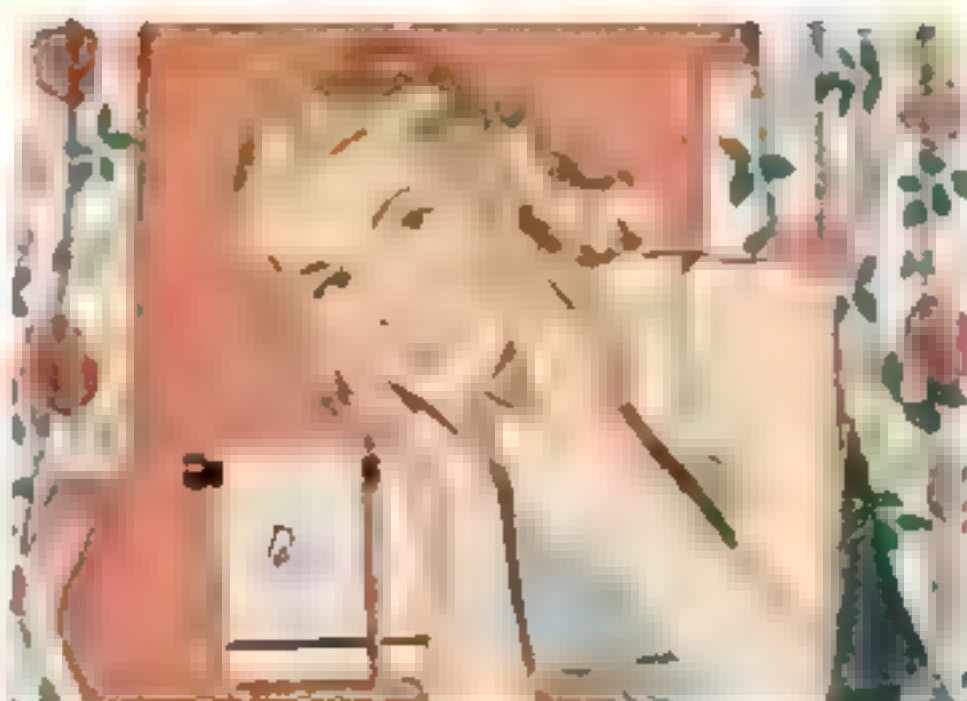


Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look," says Miss Dorothy Hanson of San Francisco, Calif. "So I said 'yes' when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty! My group reported to a San Francisco skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: I washed my face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—for a full 60 seconds—massaged onto my skin Palmolive's lovely soft lather, as you would a cream. Then rinsed. This cleansing massage brought my skin the full, beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather. After 14 days, my doctor confirmed what my mirror told me—my skin was fresher, smoother, less oily! You must try this wonderful plan."

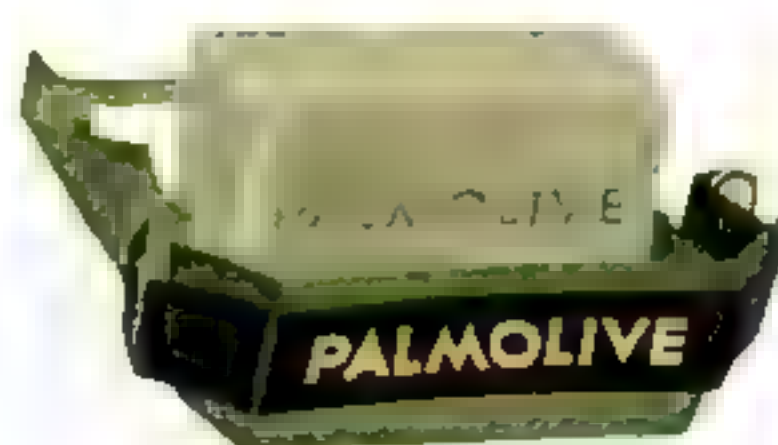
YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color



All 36 doctors proved that 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women who tested the Palmolive Plan for you got many of these improvements in 14 days. Now it's your turn! If you want a complexion the envy of every woman, start this new proved way of using Palmolive Soap tonight. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, brighter, lovelier skin.

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital materials that are needed to win the war.



DOCTORS PROVE
PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

IT'S NEW! IT'S BIG! BATH SIZE PALMOLIVE!
Use it for tub or shower. Solid. Thrifty. Long lasting.

GOOD TIDINGS FROM PHILCO FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS OF TOMORROW!



***In a world at peace, the legacy of
war research will be glorious
new products for good living from***

PHILCO

"PRODUCTS FOR GOOD LIVING IN A WORLD AT PEACE."
Yes, as the tides of war recede and nations strive to perpetuate the ideals of peace on earth and good will to men, we in our homes dare to think once more of the Christmas of tomorrow.

We yearn for small and simple things in the measure of world affairs. The right to live peaceably with our friends. The opportunity to provide happiness and security for our homes. *Good living* . . . comfort, convenience and pleasure for those we love . . . the Christmas spirit of days gone by . . . these we ask in return for our struggle, our sacrifice and our sorrows.



High on the list of "products for good living" which America is waiting to own is a new radio or radio-phonograph. In millions of homes, that means a Philco . . . America's favorite for 12 straight years . . . the gift of good cheer and good living for many a Christmas of the past.

And now the day draws nearer. Within the framework of production for final and complete Victory, the government has requested American industry to plan and prepare for peace. Jobs must be ready for fighters returned from the front. Work must be provided for those released from war production. So,

the Philco laboratories are getting ready for the day when the signal is given and Philco products for good living may speed for unveiling to your Philco dealer's floor.

Out of the Philco tradition of leadership coupled with the advance of electronic science in Philco war research, will come a rich legacy for Philco owners. Look forward to that Philco radio or phonograph of tomorrow. It will be born of new ideas and new skills. It will bring you greater glories from broadcast and recorded music in fidelity and purity of tone. It will be more than ever a thing of beauty to adorn your home. And it will be the product of the leader . . . in radio research . . . in quality . . . *and in value!*



NEXT SUNDAY ENJOY A FULL HOUR OF STAR ENTERTAINMENT
RADIO HALL OF FAME, 6 P. M., EWT, BLUE NETWORK



PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD • BUY WAR BONDS THIS CHRISTMAS



1,500 ANNAPOLIS MIDSHIPMEN YELL THEIR LUNGS OUT AFTER THEIR PARADE ON FIELD AT BALTIMORE STADIUM. MIDDIES MARCHED FIVE MILES TO STADIUM BEFORE THE GAME

ARMY-NAVY GAME

Crowds flock to Baltimore from miles around to watch the country's best football team win by score of 23-7

To the 66,000 football fans who bought \$58,637,000 worth of war bonds to jam Baltimore Stadium Saturday, Dec. 2, the Army-Navy game was the year's ideal football spectacle. Army and Navy had been listed as the two best nonprofessional teams in the country. They had had two weeks to rest for this game. The brass hats decided, therefore, that there was sufficient excuse to make the game the colorful pugnant it used to be. They moved it from the small Thompson Field at Annapolis to Baltimore and permitted the cadets to come down from West Point. Although ODT ruled only residents within a ten-mile radius of Baltimore could attend, policemen stood on

the highways 12 miles out directing the automobile traffic crowding the roads from Washington.

Army was expected to win. But the way they won was a surprise. Although Navy's strength was its line, it was Army's line, hitherto obscured by a brilliant backfield, that won the game. Army did this by the simple, terrible process of letting both lines smash each other until exhausted, then sending in a fresh Army line as good as the first. Third-quarter score was Army 9, Navy 7. In the fourth quarter Navy weakened and the Army backs, exploding from their T formation, scored two more touchdowns. Army won 23-7, their first victory over Navy since 1938.

2,500 ARMY CADETS SWARM INTO BLEACHERS. CADETS CAME TO BALTIMORE ON TROOPSHIP CONVOYED BY FOUR DESTROYERS AND MOVEMENTS WERE LISTED AS MILITARY SECRET



Army-Navy Game (continued)



Admiral King came up from Washington to see the game and began to get worried when the Army line started smashing through the Navy line. Even though the game had been moved from Annapolis to Baltimore the admiral's Navy was still the official host for the afternoon.



General Marshall, who is no West Pointer, nevertheless watched the game with satisfaction. The chief of staff went to Virginia Military Institute, played a good game at tackle. Below, wounded veterans were brought from hospitals to enjoy game as guests of Army and Navy.



The decisive play came early in the second quarter when Navy's Hamberg tried a pass to his left end Benjamin Martin. Navy is in blue, Army in white. But the pass was short.



Blocked kick in third quarter gave Army two more points. In this play Army tackle Arnold pulled out Navy tackle, let Army guard Stanowicz right through to block John



Most spectacular play of the game occurred in the first quarter. Army's halfback Glenn Davis took a lateral pass from Leonard and started a 60-yard dash. He



first picture) and was intercepted by Army center Fuson (second picture). Fuson got up to the Army 40-yard line before he was finally stopped (third picture). Although no score



had been made yet, Navy had been pressing Army at this point. After this, however, Army made two long marches with the ball toward the Navy goal, put over their first touchdown.



Hansen's punt. Ball sailed high in air toward Navy goal (first picture) and rolled behind line with Hansen and two Army men close after it (second picture). Hansen got there first



and fell on the ball (third picture). This gave Army a safety and only two points instead of the touchdown and six points they would have had if an Army man had recovered the ball.



somehow dodged the last tackler without stepping out of bounds (second picture), ran 46 yards up the field for the last Army touchdown (third picture). This play was built around



Davis' fast, shifty running, was nicknamed the "California Special" after his home state, was saved all season for Navy game. Davis is highest scorer in U.S. with 120 points for the season.



It was a rough and bruising game. Above: as Navy's fullback Scott tries to go through guard while suited Army freshman is shouldered in air. If discharging Navy lineman and Army center smack face to face, Scott made no gain on this play. Below: five Army tack-

lers finally bring Scott down after a 26-yard return of a punt. Last year's game was also rough, tough, left better feelings afterward. This year's tough game left no hard feelings even though the Army put Navy's two biggest stars (and) commission early in the game.

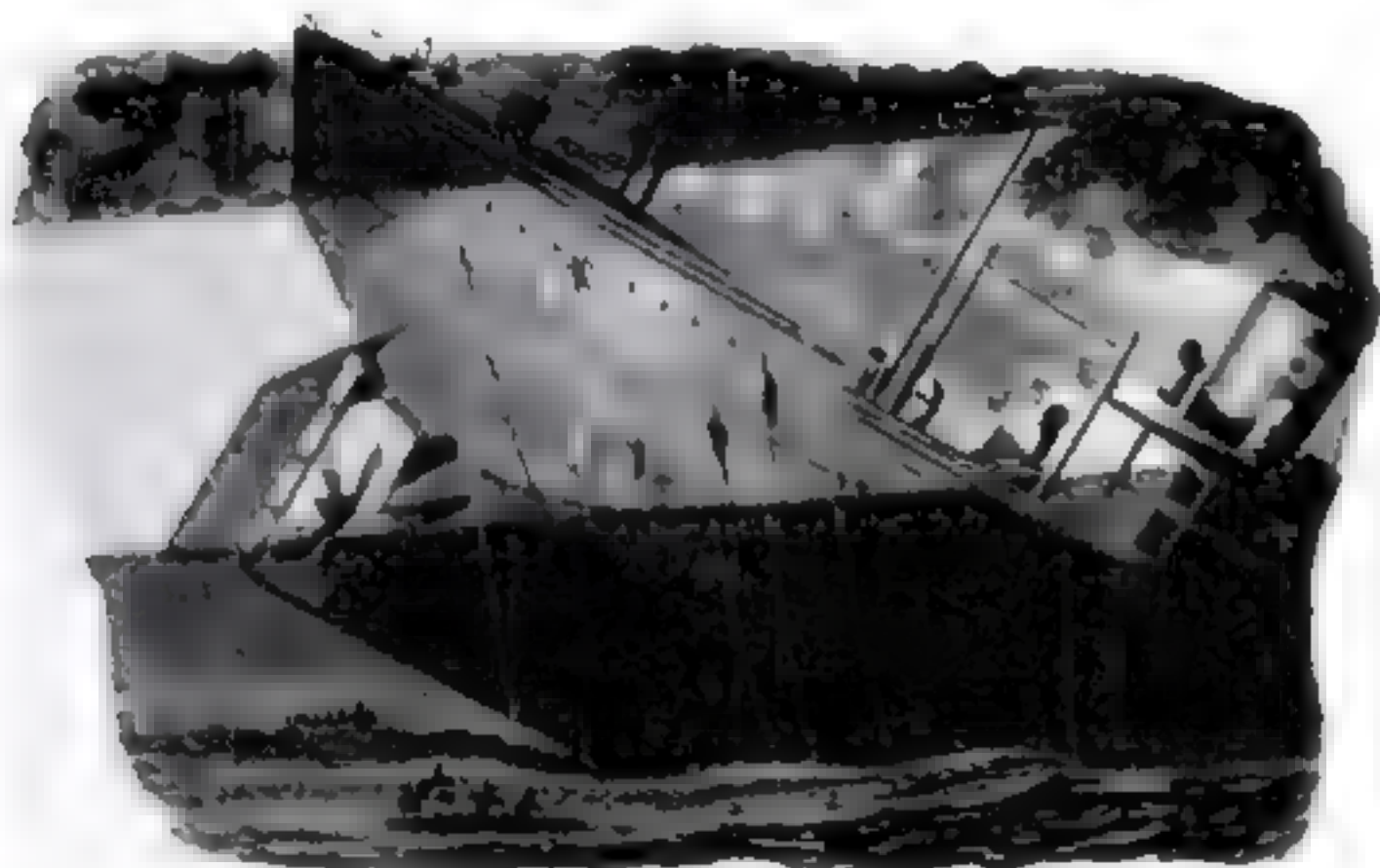


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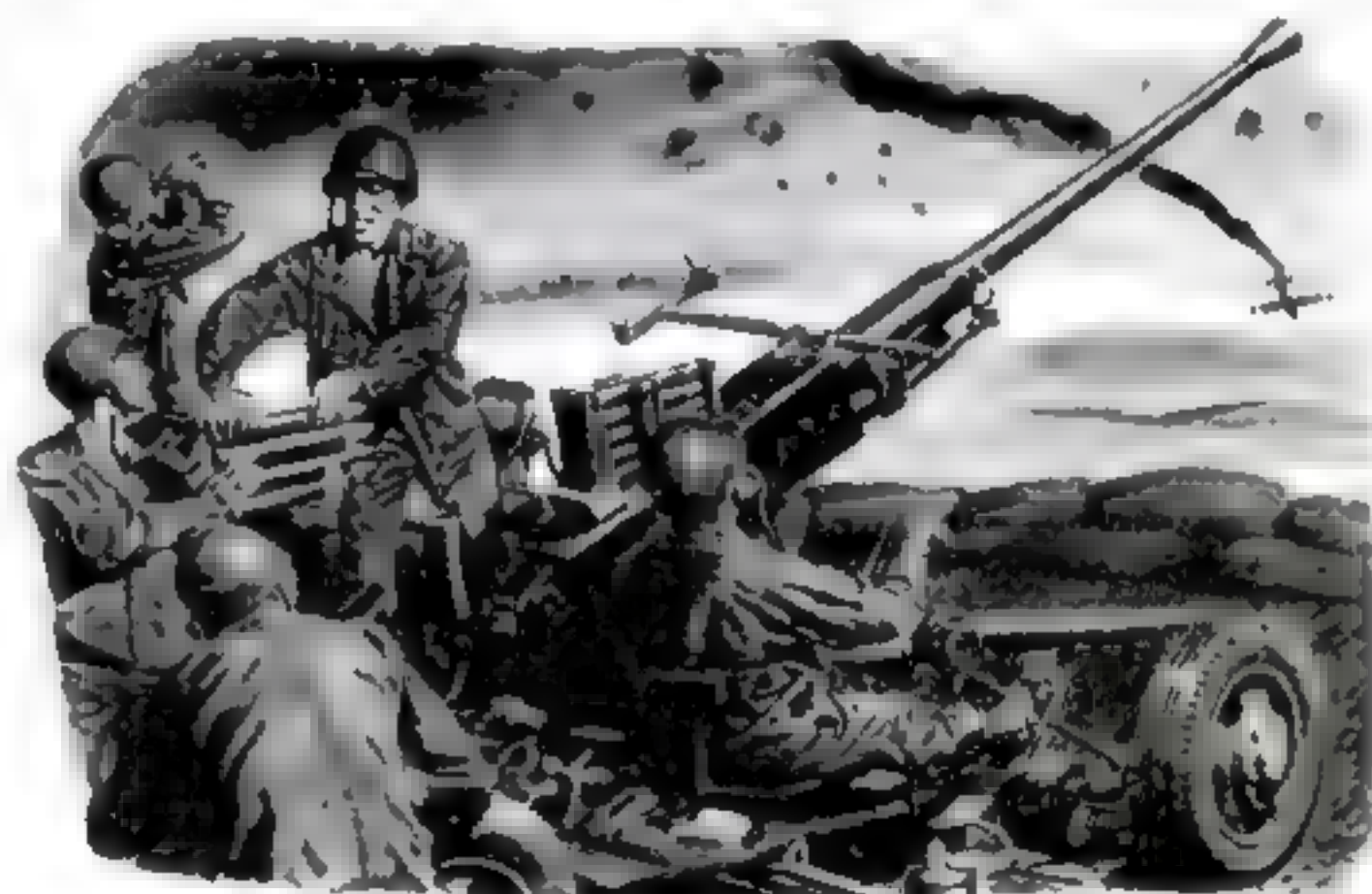
It gives General Sherman tank engines the smoothest moving parts in history...

1.



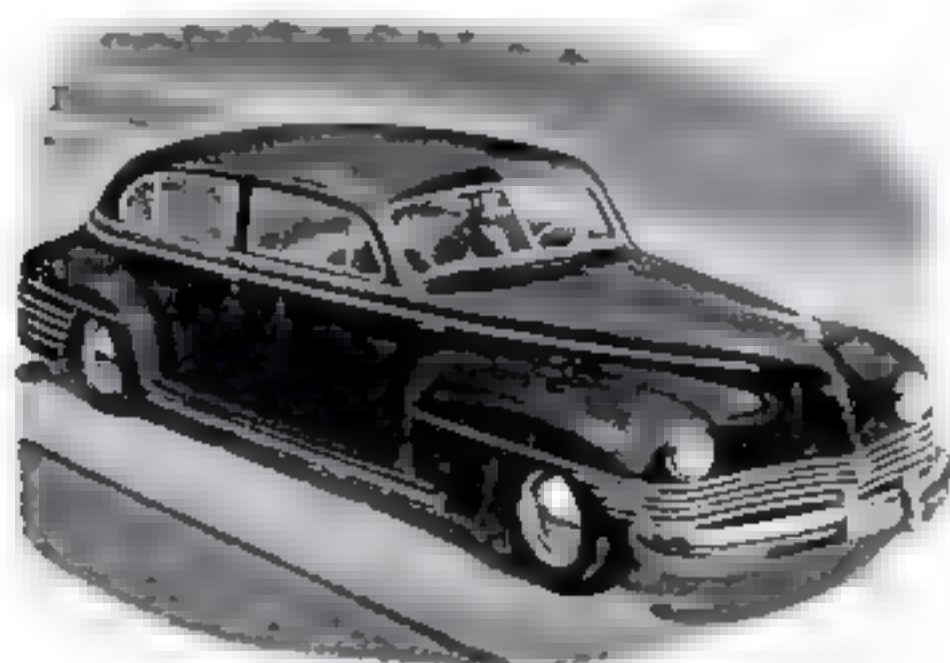
It polishes searchlight reflectors so smooth they'll send a sharp beam of light 25 miles.

2.



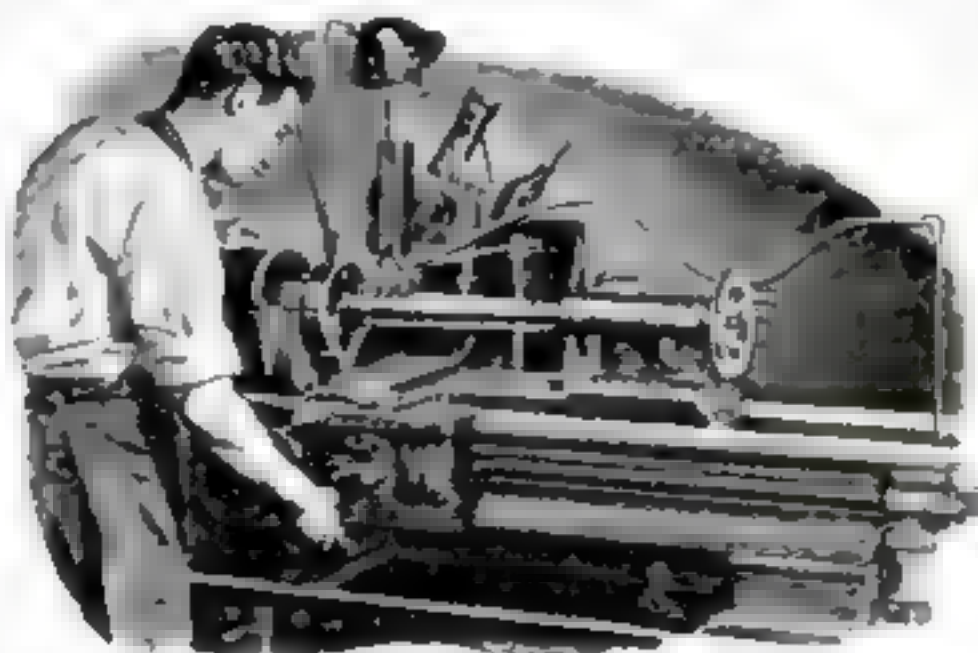
It makes precision parts for Bofors guns with greater accuracy, greater speed . . .

3.



It gives your Chrysler car an engine so smooth, it can start full speed, brand new . . . without a break-in!

4.



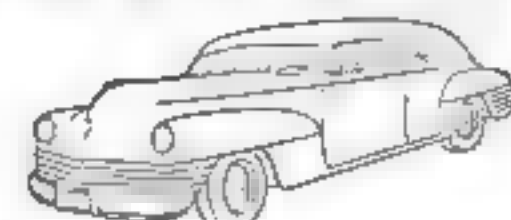
It's Superfinish! A revolutionary process for surfacing metals that reduces wear on moving parts, helps give Chrysler war products top efficiency.

5.

Superfinish was developed by Chrysler Division in 1935.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION • Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Marine Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors

CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The nation-wide Chrysler Dealer Organization offers owners service facilities to meet their war-time transportation needs.

BUY WAR BONDS... AND HOLD THEM

"Then he gave and...
kissed the hand to which
he gave the diamond" *

—*"Lancelot and Elaine," Tennyson*

* A diamond for Christmas?...
Yes—if you can! But here's an extra
gift for every lovely hand...



WHEN you give Pacquins, you say Merry Christmas with a gift that's *wanted*. For more women use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world! Wrap up the big jar of Pacquins Hand Cream as an extra little gift for "someone special." The smaller jars make plump bulges in any Christmas stocking. And for last-minute gifts—Pacquins again! Give *yourself* Pacquins too... for lovely *younger-looking* hands!



**Pacquins
Hand Cream**



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Army-Navy Game (continued)



After the game, as long shadows slanted across the field, Army cadets went after the goal posts and tore one set down with no opposition. They left other set standing.



Army heroes were halfback Glenn Davis (left) who made one touchdown (page 53), fullback Felix Blanchard who made another. Both have two more years with Army.



The Navy team files off field after a hard beating. This game was the 23rd victory for Army in the 45-game-old Army-Navy series. Navy has won 19. Three have been tied.



The sailor's kick that started a business

IT WAS BOSTON—1804 Susan Stavers, a landlady, served a sailor guest some tapioca.

The sailor complained that it was coarse and lumpy. He'd had far better in the South Seas!

The landlady's pudding wasn't bad for those days. *All* American tapioca was coarse and lumpy. But she didn't hit the ceiling. The sailor's grumbling simply whipped up her Yankee gumption. What could be done about tapioca?

She hit on grinding the dry tapioca . . . and made the best pudding the sailor had ever tasted.

Mrs. Stavers started a neighborhood business in this "ground" tapioca. People liked the smooth, creamy pudding it made. The business grew from a door-to-door stage to a nationwide enterprise—the famous "Minute Tapioca."

It created a factory. It created jobs

. . . jobs that didn't exist before.

So—though the story had an unusual beginning—it fits into the usual American pattern—the pattern of American growth, employment, prosperity.

Will this pattern still be our way of making jobs?

Employment—steady, continuous employment for those who want to work—must be achieved somehow after the war is over.

Many Americans—like the Boston landlady—have ideas for new businesses and for expansion of businesses. Ideas that range all the way from putting up a new neighborhood garage to building great new industries. Ideas for making more of present products and for making them better.

These ideas, these intentions, can make jobs. Jobs by the millions. Jobs that, in

turn, make more and more jobs.

But this American way of making jobs can flourish or fade according to the conditions under which business works.

Laws and regulations are necessary. But if they become such that they discourage enterprise and penalize its rewards . . . initiative can be checked. Expansion hindered. New ventures throttled. The very spirit of American enterprise can give way to an attitude of "let someone else take the responsibility."

And if this happens, the alternative would probably be government relief projects to make up the jobs—perhaps including even yours.

In a very real way, the choice is yours. For, through your opinions and your representatives, you make the rules under which business operates.

So remember this . . . whenever you're making up your mind about the questions of the hour, ask yourself: "Will

this measure help American enterprise make jobs?"

On your decisions will depend the kind of nation your children will live in.

The kind of jobs you and they will have.

One big drop in the bucket

General Foods has 13,200 people on its payroll . . . 2852 in the armed forces.

We will have jobs for our service people when they return. And in our company they will get a warm welcome and a generous restoration of all employee benefits as well.

Furthermore, through growth and development of our present products, and by launching new products immediately after the war, we expect to make many new jobs . . . jobs that don't exist today.

And remember, these are the plans of just one American business.

Minute Tapioca is a product of General Foods—and American enterprise



S.F.B. MORSE

INVENTOR WAS FINE ARTIST

Americans have a habit of devaluing their great, versatile men by remembering them for a single one of their several sides. They best remember the editor-statesman Franklin for having flown a kite, the scientist-philosopher-architect Jefferson for having written a declaration. Popular acclaim thus knows Samuel Finley Breese Morse only as the inventor of the telegraph. Relatively few people know that Morse was a lesser Leonardo da Vinci whose eager intelligence led him into many varied fields, usually successfully. One was painting. Had he never given telegraphy to the world, Morse would be justly renowned as one of America's important painters.

Morse turned to art in 1807 when he was 16, a student at Yale and too ebullient to conform with scholastic requirements. He spent too much of his time painting miniatures of his classmates. He left Yale and, a few years later, encouraged by Gilbert Stuart, he went to England to study painting. Returning at 24, he found his hopes of success dashed by public indifference. Except for three years in Charleston, S. C. where a vogue for his portraits earned him as much as \$9,000 a year—he married on the strength of it—Morse lived in unhappy dependence on his relatives for years. Meanwhile he made the first U. S. daguerreotype camera, taught art, helped found the National Academy of Design, tried to perfect a marble-carving machine, painted many fine canvases. Wealth came only after "What hath God wrought" ticked over Morse-designed telegraph equipment from Washington to Baltimore in 1844, 12 years after Morse conceived the idea.

A widower, Samuel Morse at 57 married a 26-year-old cousin of his son Charles's bride and raised a second family. Internationally honored and wealthy at last, he died at 81, having failed in only one major ambition; politics. He had been an unsuccessful candidate for mayor of New York, had run unsuccessfully for Congress on a proslavery ticket, had supported McClellan against Lincoln.



SAMUEL MORSE daguerreotype was made when artist-inventor was 59. Morse himself helped perfect daguerreotypes and experimented with first inventions of camera.



SECOND MORSE FAMILY around 1860: (in front) children Cornelia and William, second Mrs. Morse, Morse, daughter Susan, his second mother-in-law, (standing) son

Finley and Susan's husband. Susan and Finley were children of Morse's first wife (shown on opposite page). Morse had four children by second wife, youngest at 67.



"MRS. S. F. B. MORSE AND HER TWO CHILDREN," Charles and Susan, posed for this portrait by her husband in 1823. As an experiment Morse mixed colors

with buttermilk for this canvas which he considered his masterpiece. Today picture is owned by Mrs. Mabel Lloyd Morse, who was married to grandson of baby Charles (*left*).



"DAVID CURTIS DE FOREST" is one of 11 Morse canvases owned by Yale University. De Forest posed for this portrait in 1823 after he retired as an American merchant in Buenos Aires and with \$5,000 set up De Forest scholarships for Yale students.



"MRS. DAVID CURTIS DE FOREST" left her home in Huntington, Conn. in 1812 to accompany her husband to Buenos Aires. Her portrait also hangs at the Yale art gallery. De Forest gave another Morse portrait of himself to Buenos Aires University.



"THE REVEREND NATHANIEL BOWEN" was done during Morse's three-year spell of painting prosperity in Charleston, S. C. between 1818 and 1821. This canvas is now hanging in New York's Grace Church, of which Dr. Bowen was the first rector.



"MISS EMMA GORDON SHIELDS," a belle of New Orleans, sat for this portrait while visiting in Charleston. In New England, Morse could get only \$15 for a painting but wealthy art patrons in Charleston gladly paid the artist from \$50 to \$300.



"LAFAYETTE" took time out during his triumphal visit to America in 1825 to pose for Morse, who won this job in a \$700 competition offered by the City of New York. On two of the three pedestals beside Lafayette, Morse placed busts of Wash-

ington and Benjamin Franklin. The third one he left vacant "awaiting that of Lafayette." Today the painting, which has been valued at \$250,000, hangs in New York's City Hall. Morse did not like the portrait, said, "As a work of art I cannot praise it."

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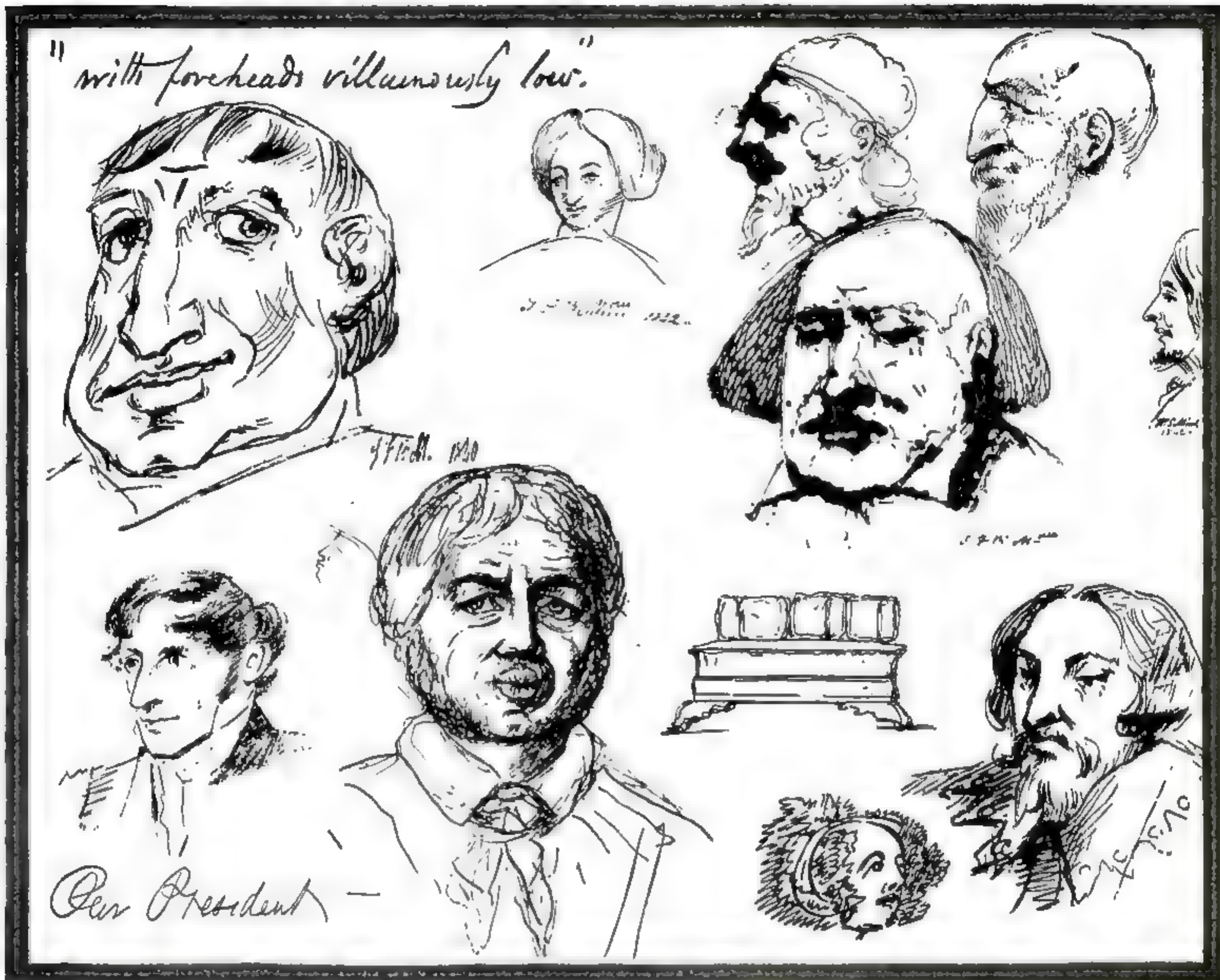
"EXHIBITION GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE" is a replica of room in 1832 filled with the Paris museum's famous masterpieces, including the *Mona Lisa*. Thinking that

untraveled Americans would be eager to see these pictures in color, Morse exhibited his painting in New York and charged admission. But only a few people came to look.



"ALLEGORICAL LANDSCAPE SHOWING NEW YORK UNIVERSITY" was done by Morse in 1836 after he was made professor of art at the university. Morse oc-

cupied top room of first square tower in building at left. Here he worked out his invention of the telegraph. Everything in landscape except this building is imaginary.

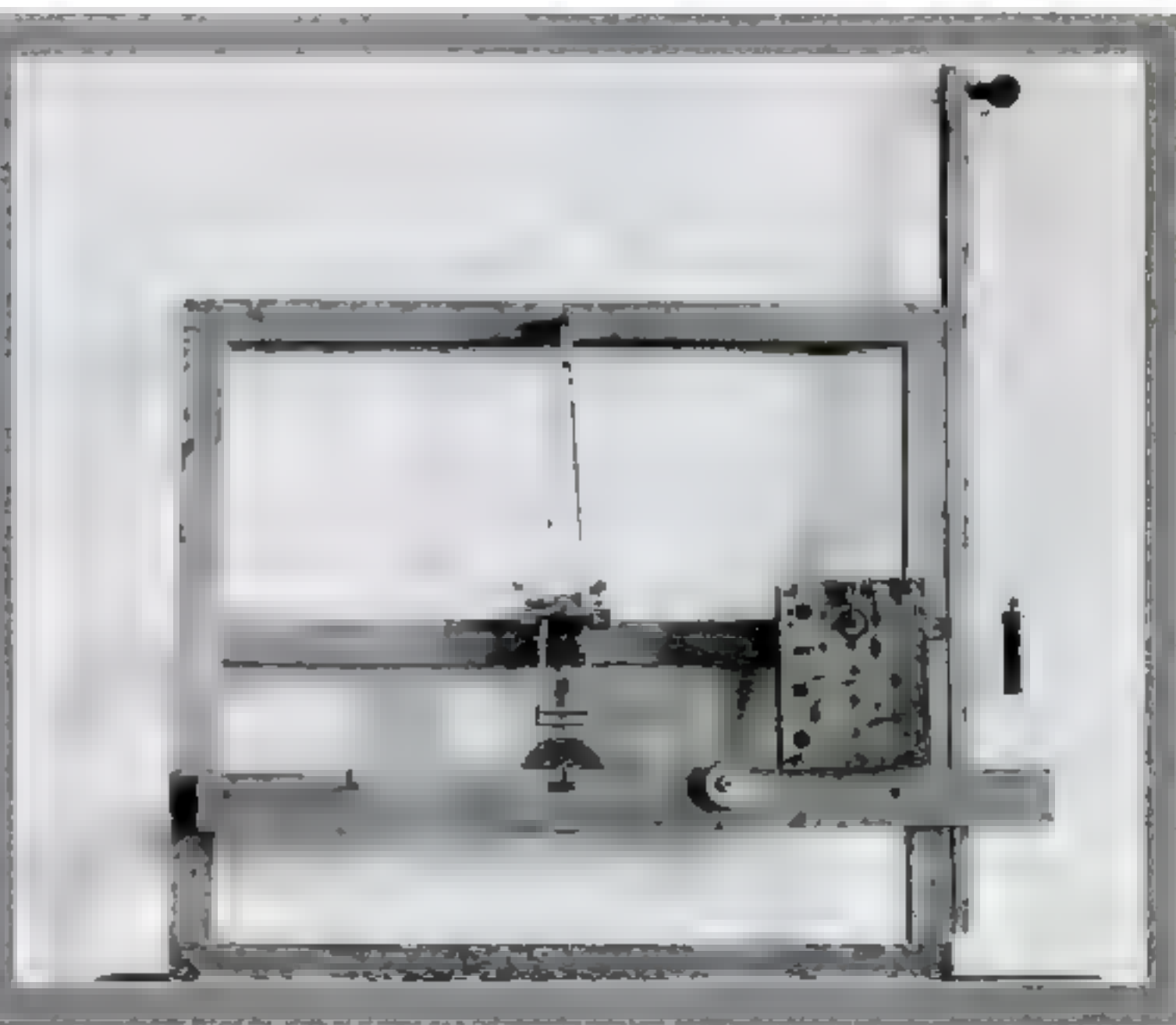


MORSE'S SKETCHBOOK is treasured by New York's National Academy of Design of which Morse was founder and president. Above the head of President Tyler is Lafayette.

ette. Most of others are unidentified sketches made by Morse between 1840 and 1842 after he had given up painting to spend all his time on the telegraph and on politics.



FIRST TELEGRAPH ROOM where he demonstrated in 1838 that his device worked was in old New York University. Morse ran wires around room and into another room.



FIRST TELEGRAPH instrument was made by Morse from canvas stretcher and bits of material. Western Union owned instrument, later gave it to Smithsonian Institution.



Head wrapped in a scarf to protect her hair and makeup until the picture is taken, Model Jean Welch waits patiently while a stylist fixes suit

Girls change dresses in shelter made from sheet pinned between station wagon and giant saguaro cactus. Shooting begins every morning at 8:30.



DANGLING LEGS, MODELS RIDE OUT TO THE OPEN DESERT IN STATION WAGON

ARIZONA SUNSHINE

Models and dresses trek from New York to Phoenix to be photographed in the wonderful desert light

Arizona's bright sunshine has played a part in the success of many commercial enterprises like dude ranches, big hotels and swank boys' schools. Recently it has begun to figure in the sale of women's clothes. Every spring and fall the Aldens Chicago Mail Order Co., whose picture-crammed catalog goes to some 3,000,000 customers, sends its best dresses and New York's handsomest models out to be photographed under the desert sun. There dresses and models photograph more clearly than anywhere else.

This photographic safari requires elaborate preparation. The dresses are first photographed on the models in a New York office. Then the best indoor picture is pinned to each dress, and the dresses and models are shipped out to Phoenix. There another photographer joins them and they all go out to the desert. With the New York picture to guide him and the brilliant Arizona sun to light his shots, the photographer gets to work *supra-positively*. Because catalog pictures can have no distracting detail, he must blot out all the beautiful western scenery with a plain white board.



Test picture stays on dress until final picture. Catalogs use sun because its single source of light eliminates confusion of shadows caused by multiple studio lights.





A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

**It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky**

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-10, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.



How dresses will look in catalog is shown approximately by this picture. Final picture will be cut off just below girls' knees and remaining scenery will be blotted out. Girl in center stands on box to bring hemline of the skirt more in line with the others.



Girls have a good time during their month's work in Arizona. They get some afternoons off and at night go picnicking on desert with air cadets from near-by airfields. They live only in the best hotels, earn from \$150 to \$200 per week plus expenses.

**YOUR HAND
WILL BE
GRATEFUL!**



Glide through a day's work with Ticonderoga! Enjoy its smooth, restful action. See how quickly it gets things done. Notice its superior genuine rubber tip. Try Ticonderoga now. Easy to spot: Look for its green plastic ferrule with double yellow bands where you buy pencils.

DEMAND
the fine American pencil
with the fine American name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Pencil Co., Dept. 43-112, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant, Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

GLASER

EVERBEST

Preserves and Jellies

SEEDLESS GRAPE JAM

A luscious jam that brings you all the arbor-fresh goodness of juicy purple Concord grapes. Surprisingly inexpensive... use it liberally.

GLASER CANDY CO. CHICAGO 8

If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES

Marlin

HIGH SPEED BLADES

EIGHTEEN for 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

*As giving goes
with Christmas*



Wine goes with Food



THIS IS THE TURKEY that makes the dinner great. It's been basted, during the roasting, with wine. Try it this holiday season.

And as the family goes to work on drumstick and breast meat, serve glasses of the same good Sauterne or Burgundy you used in basting.

The result, you'll find, is first a perfection of taste and tenderness in each morsel of meat. And second a flavor harmony that brings out the natural goodness of any food on the table—that adds an extra pleasure to the year's most important dinner.

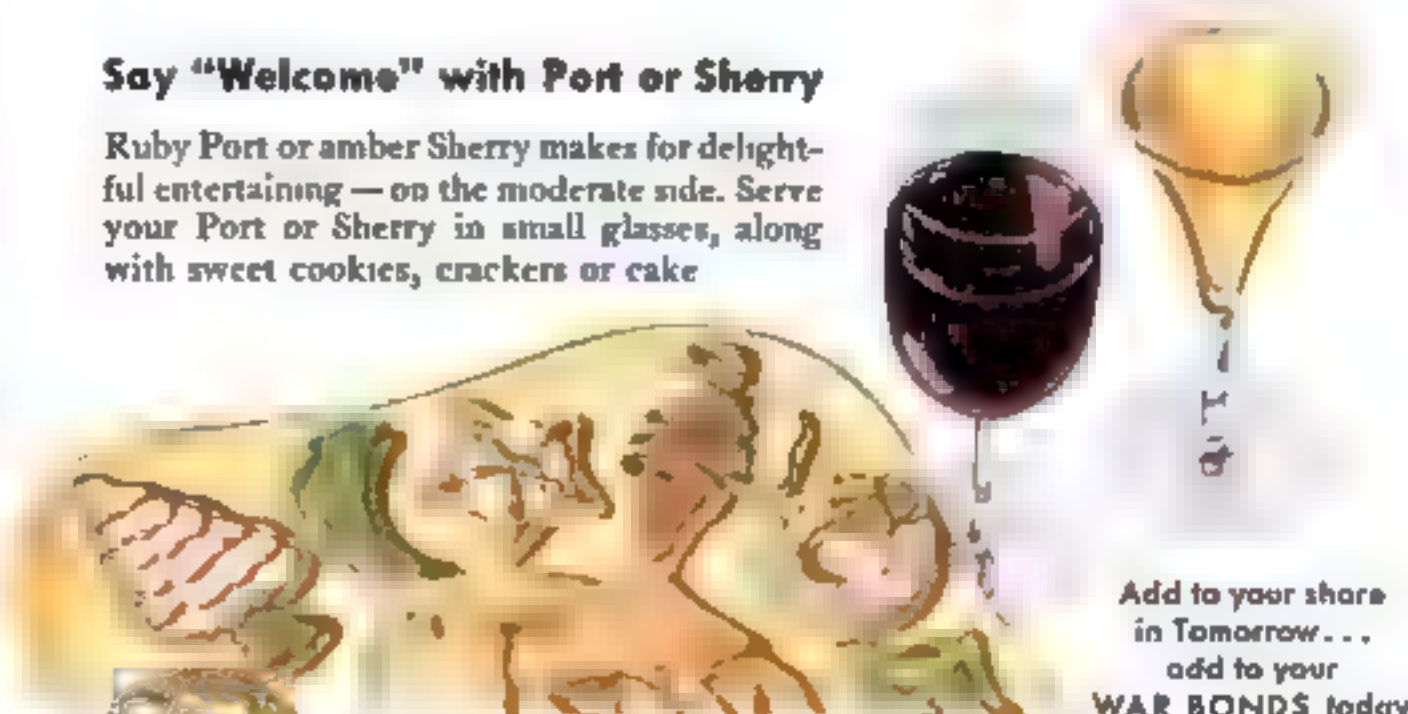
We would like to introduce you to other taste-pleasing dishes in which food combines with wine—dishes to enjoy throughout the year. May we send you our new *free* recipe booklet? Write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

Baste your Holiday Turkey with Wine

When roasting, baste the turkey with warmed table wine mixed with oil or margarine—about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup wine to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil. A red table wine like California Burgundy or a white table wine like California Sauterne is excellent for the purpose. And you may serve the same wine at the table—the Sauterne well-chilled, the Burgundy at room temperature.

Say "Welcome" with Port or Sherry

Ruby Port or amber Sherry makes for delightful entertaining—on the moderate side. Serve your Port or Sherry in small glasses, along with sweet cookies, crackers or cake.



Add to your share
in Tomorrow...
add to your
WAR BONDS today



The Master's Choice

• The late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr.—master distiller—spent his lifetime and his rare genius creating whiskies of surpassing excellence. But he chose one—a matchless bourbon—as his finest, and proudly gave

it his name. The full, round flavor and pleasing aroma of this glorious whiskey have established **OLD TAYLOR**—with the world as with Colonel Taylor himself—as the choice of those who relish bourbon at its best.



NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, N. Y.

This fine old distillery is today the home of OLD TAYLOR whiskey—and has been since 1857. Not a single drop of any other whiskey has ever come from this distillery.

SIGNED SEALED and DELICIOUS



"ARTIFICIAL MOONLIGHT" PRODUCED BY AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT BATTLEFIELD IN HOLLAND

ATTACK IN HOLLAND

BRITISH CROSS A CANAL IN A GRAY EPISODE OF BATTLE

In Holland last month British troops fought one of the murderous little battles which add up to the great offensive on the Western Front. It was a battle for a single canal, the Wessem in southeast Holland, but it killed men as dead as the biggest breakthrough.

In the fight for the canal, LIFE's George Silk went along with a veteran Scottish regiment. A cold gray rain made photography almost impossible although it mercifully concealed the men as they fought. Silk's pictures of this episode of battle are dark and blurred because the battle looked that way.

For the men at the canal, the crossing of the Wessem was only part of a dreary fight which began in September. They were fighting mainly against water, which cuts the Dutch countryside into a lacework of canals and rivers and provides a seemingly endless series of ready-made defense lines for the Germans. The water also fell endlessly out of the sky, soaking

the men to the bone. When the rain stopped, life became only slightly more comfortable and much more dangerous. Anything that moved above the table-flat ground was silhouetted against the sky, a sharp target for enemy gunners. When the British crossed the Wessem, they had to do it under cover of dusk and night in a blind, nerve-racking attack.

In the blank haze each episode of the battle for the canal was almost a private adventure. Often men died in the fighting unnoticed by men a few feet away. Once, when enemy shells landed close by, Photographer Silk had an experience that could only happen in the dark. Diving into a dugout for shelter, he crouched next to another soldier. The other man said evenly, "Don't shoot." Silk answered "Don't worry, pal. I haven't got a gun." The other man said, "Well, take mine." Then he added, "It's a Luger," and Silk discovered he had captured a German officer.



LIFE PHOTOGRAPHER SILK WITH A FRIEND



OBSCURED BY RAIN AND THE SMOKE OF THEIR OWN BARRAGE, ASSAULT TROOPS WALK SINGLE FILE ALONG MUDDY ROAD TO THE CANAL

MEN MOVE UP IN THE RAIN

As the men move forward their heavy water guns are wet but their throats are dry. They think about the part of their lives that is past and about many little things. Before the crossing of the Western Canal IFFI Green says:

The snow started at 4 p.m. which is dusk here, with

a 400 gun barrage that lasted for 15 minutes. The guns fired high explosives at first, then switched off with smoke to blind the enemy. Under cover of the smoke the troops began to move up.

When the barrage ended a battalion of infantry appeared magically out of the gray countryside. The

BREN GUN CARRIER, LOADED WITH A COLLAPSIBLE ASSAULT BOAT, GROWLS ALONG THE DIM ROAD BETWEEN FILES OF ADVANCING MEN





TOWING ITS INCENDIARY FUEL IN A TRAILER, A BRITISH FLAME-THROWING TANK PUSHES THROUGH SHROUDS OF HAZE ON A WET FIELD

men had been hiding in houses, caves, hedges and fox-holes. Now they were spread out everywhere, heading silently for the canal. I joined an assault platoon.

On the roads and fields Sherman tanks, Crocodiles (British flame-throwing tanks) and Bren gun carriers rolled ahead. It had been drizzling and bitterly cold

all day, and now the rain and smoke had cut visibility to almost nothing. A tank 70 yards away was just a ghostly outline and one 80 yards away was invisible.

I stopped in a gateway for a few seconds to take pictures. I didn't know that I was blocking the way for three Bren gun carriers until one driver tapped me

politely on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, mate, but there's a war on, you know."

My platoon hugged the wall of a house as German mortar shells began crashing down on the road. Ahead of us a great orange flame cut through the gloom. The Crocodiles were already hard at work on the canal.

AS THEY HEAR THE SOUND OF TANK GUNFIRE AT THE CANAL, THE INFANTRYMEN MOVE UP SILENTLY THROUGH THE SPARSE TREE COVER





INFANTRYMEN PREPARE TO CROSS THE SMOKE-DARKENED CANAL TOWARD THE FLICKERING PATCHES OF FIRE LEFT BY FLAME THROWERS



AT THE BATTLE'S CLIMAX, BUSINESSLIKE TROOPS PADDLE ACROSS. THE WATER IS CALM BUT THE AIR IS CRASHING WITH SHELLBURSTS

TROOPS FERRY ACROSS CANAL

When the British barrage ended, the Germans on the east bank of the Wessem Canal waited for the attack to begin. Soon British tanks came through the smoke and rain and drove the Germans into bunkers so that they could cross the canal in boats. I wrote George Sibley at the crossing.

Walking blindly in the haze, we suddenly looked

straight down into the canal. The boats were being hurled down the steep bank and we could hear a Scottish sergeant shouting, "Okay, lads! A bob a ride!" The sergeant stopped to rescue two men who fell in the icy water. Everyone laughed, but nervously, because mortar shells were plunking in the water around us.



WHILE FLAME-THROWING TANKS KEEP SPRAYING GERMANS FROM THE BRITISH BANK, ONE BOAT PULLS UP BEFORE A WRECKED BRIDGE

On both sides of us the Crocodiles were still squirting great flames across the canal. The flame slid across the surface of the water and curled among the German trenches on the other side. As we paddled across the canal, the earth still burned in patches.

When we reached the opposite bank the German

trenches were only 20 feet away. The ground was heavily mined so I stopped and tried to see where I could walk safely. The troops kept right on going, leaping over the bank into the trenches. Two of them stepped on small mines and had their feet blown off. If they cried out, we couldn't hear it above the noise of the

Sten guns and the shouts of "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

None of the Germans in the trenches taken by our platoon put up any real fight. They were too scared by the flame throwers. We took 60 prisoners in three minutes, all paratroopers. One of them complained in broken English, "Flames, it is not fair. It is not war."



A BRITISH LIGHT MACHINE GUN CUTS A TRACER LINE ACROSS A DARKENING FIELD AND A BURNING ROW OF CONE-SHAPED HAYSTACKS



AFTER SETTING A FARMHOUSE ON FIRE, BRITISH INFANTRYMEN WAIT IN DARKNESS TO PICK OFF THE GERMANS AS THEY RUN FOR SAFETY

FIGHT GOES ON TO NEXT CANAL

After crossing the Weysser Canal, Sgt. went on with the advancing British.

On the other side of the canal a section of engineers was sent forward to clear a path through the minefields which were covered by a raking German cross-fire. When they crawled back one of them slumped

into my hole. I said "A bit tight on it there, huh?" He answered "Tough. It's bloody awful."

After a while I made my way back to the rear. As I crossed the canal, I saw that tanks were pouring across a pontoon bridge. If everything went well my battalion would be crossing another canal by tomorrow night.



GLOW OF BURNING HOUSES AND HAYSTACKS LIGHTS BATTLEFIELD NOW AS PRISONERS (ABOVE) AND WOUNDED (BELOW) HEAD FOR THE REAR





Major Joppolo (Fredric March, right) and Sgt. Borth (Everett Sloan) are stunned by opulence of their new office in Adano's City Hall. March as Joppolo gives best performance of his career.



Village priest (Leon Rochier) speaks from the balcony of Joppolo's office urging the people of Adano, assembled in the square below, to obey Joppolo's proclamations. In the play all of the



Last week *A Bell for Adano*, a play adapted from the novel by LIFE Editor John Hersey (left), arrived on Broadway. It is likely to stay there for the duration.

The story of Broadway's latest smash hit began with a cable from John Hersey about an AMG major in Sicily which was published in LIFE (Aug. 23, 1943). After Hersey's return he fictionalized the Major and many other people and things he had seen in Sicily into the best-selling novel, *A Bell for Adano* (Knopf, \$2.50), which many critics consider the best fiction of the war. On these pages LIFE presents episodes from that book and photographs from the play adapted by Paul Osborn.

John Hersey calls his Major Victor Joppolo and the General who fires the Major General Marvin. The plot of both play and book is concerned chiefly with the differences between these two men. It is as absorbing, spirited and strong as the eternal struggle between good and evil, between democracy and fascism.

A BELL FOR ADANO

These are episodes from novel which has been made into a hit play

by JOHN HERSEY

The Major walked up to the big door of the Palazzo, took a piece of chalk out of his pocket and wrote on a panel of the door: "Victor Joppolo, Major, U.S.A., AMGOT, Town of Adano."

The office on the other side of that door took Victor Joppolo's breath away. It must have been 70 feet long and 30 feet wide.

When Major Joppolo and Sergeant Borth went into the big office there was an Italian there. He was a small man, with a shiny linen office coat on, with his collar buttoned but no tie.

The small Italian gave the Fascist salute and with an eager face said in Italian: "Welcome to the Americans! Live Roosevelt! For many years I have hated the Fascists."

The Major said: "Who are you?"

The little man said: "Zito Giovanni, usher in the Palazzo di Città, native of Adano."

"Why did you work for the Fascists if you hated them?"

"I have hated them many years, I am well known as anti-Fascist."

The Major said: "Usher, I love the truth, you will find that out. If you lie to me, you will be in serious trouble. Do not lie to me. If you were a Fascist, you were a Fascist. There is no need to lie."

Zito said: "One had to eat, one had to earn a living. I have six children."

Major Joppolo said: "So you were a Fascist. Now you will have to learn to live in a democracy. You will be my usher."

The little Zito was delighted.

Major Joppolo said: "Has it been bad here?"

Zito started jabbering about the bombardments and the air raids. "We are very hungry," he said when he had cooled down a little. "For three days we have not had bread. All the important ones ran away and left me here to guard the Palazzo. We do not believe in victory. And our bell is gone."

Major Joppolo said: "Your bell?"

Zito said: "Our bell which was 700 years old. Mussolini took it. It rang with a good tone each quarter hour. Mussolini took it to make rifle bar-



action takes place in office of Major Joppolo. "Because of this man," says Father Pensovocchio, "I believe that the Americans are my friends. You must believe the same thing, my children."



The American flag is raised by Major Joppolo in one of his first acts as Adano's civil affairs officer. "Buon giorno, buon giorno, Americans!" about the townspeople gathered in the City Hall Square

rels or something. The town was very angry. We lost our bell. And only two weeks before you came. Why did you not come sooner?"

"Where was this bell?"

"Right here," Zito pointed over his head. "The whole building tingled when it rang."

The door opened. A man came in whose appearance was vaguely familiar to Major Joppolo. The Major realized later that he had seen, not this man, but several who looked just like him, in bad American movies. He was the type of the second-rate Italian gangster, the small fellow in the gang who always stood behind the boss and who always took the rap.

He said in English: "War's a finish here in Adano, huh?"

The Major said: "Yes, who are you?"

The Italian said: "Ribauda Giuseppe. I'm from a Cleveland, Ohio. I been here a three year. You got a work for me?"

Major Joppolo said: "What can you do?"

Ribauda said: "I'm a good American. I'm a hate these Fascisti. I could do a good job for you."

Major Joppolo said: "If you're such a good American, why did you leave the States?"

Ribauda said: "I'm a kick out."

"Why?"

"I'm a no passport."

Major Joppolo was pleased with Ribauda for not trying to lie. He said: "Okay, I'll hire you. You will be my interpreter. Now tell me, what does this town need the most?"

"I could a go for a movie house, a boss."

"No, Giuseppe, I mean right now."

"Food, a boss. Food is a bad now in Adano. Three days a lot a people no eat a nothing."

There were two simultaneous knocks on the door, one strong, one weak. Giuseppe hurried down the long room and opened the door. Two men almost tumbled in. Both were well dressed and had neckties on. One of them was quite old. The other was very fat and looked 40. They hurried down the room and each seemed anxious not to let the other get ahead of him.

The old one said: "My name is Cacopardo, at your service, Major. I am 82. I own most of the sulphurs in this place. Here Cacopardo is sulphur and sulphur is Cacopardo. I wish to give you advices whenever you need of it."

The fat one, who seemed annoyed with Cacopardo for speaking first, said: "Craxi, my name."

The Major said: "You say you've come to advise me. Then tell me, what does this town need the most right now?"

This time the fat Craxi got there first: "To eat," he said, "much to eat."

Cacopardo said: "It needs a bell more than anything."

Craxi said in Italian: "People who are very hungry have a ringing in their ears. They have no need of bells."

Craxi looked very proud of himself, but Cacopardo said: "We will leave this matter to Zito. What do you say, small Zito, do you consider the food or the bell more important?"

Surprisingly Zito said: "I think the bell."

Major Joppolo was interested by this. He leaned forward and said: "Why, Zito?"

Zito said: "Because the tone of the bell was so satisfactory."

"No," said Cacopardo, "it is because of the history of the bell. When the bell spoke, our fathers and their fathers far back spoke to us."

Even Craxi was swept into this argument. "No," he said, "it was because the bell rang the times of day. It told us when to do things, such as eating. It told us when to have the morning egg and when to have *pasta* and rabbit and when to drink wine in the evening."

Zito said: "I think it was the tone which mattered. It soothed all the people of this town. It chided those who were angry, it cheered the unhappy ones, it even laughed with those who were drunk. It was a tone for everybody."

Major Joppolo said to Borth in English: "We'll have to try to do something about getting another bell."

Borth said: "It's ridiculous. There are lots of things more important than this bell. Get them some food."

Major Joppolo said: "All the same, the bell is important to them." And he said then in Italian: "Thank you for telling me about the bell. I promise you that I will do all I can to get another bell which will have some meaning as a bell and will have a good tone and its history will be that it was given to you by the Americans to take the place of the one which was taken away by the Fascists."



Officials of Adano gather to hear Major Joppolo explain how they must behave if they wish to remain in office. "Democracy is this," says Major Joppolo. "The men of the government are

no longer masters of the people. You are the servants of the people of Adano. I, too, am their servant. And watch: this thing will make you happier than you have ever been in your lives."

THE GENERAL AND THE MULE

General Marvin was driving along the road toward Vicinamare and came to the town of Adano. Just before Adano, the General's armored car was obliged to slow down for a cart which meandered along right in the center of the road.

The General stood up in his car and shouted in his deep bass voice: "Goddam you goddam cart get off the road!"

The driver of the cart was one Errante Gactano, who was sleeping a deep and happy sleep on the seat of his cart.

General Marvin roared at his driver: "Blow that bastard off the road."

The mind of Errante did not react to the horn. General Marvin's face was beginning to grow dark. He roared: "Do these goddam Italians think they're going to stop a bunch of goddam tanks with a bunch of goddam wooden carts?"

Colonel Middleton, the General's chief of staff, and Lieut. Byrd, his aide, could see the violence coming. Lieut. Byrd looked back along the road, but he couldn't see any bunch of goddam tanks. General Marvin shouted: "Throw that goddam cart off the road."

Colonel Middleton, Lieut. Byrd and the nice boy from Massachusetts who was the driver ached all over with regret, but there was nothing they could do but obey.

Colonel Middleton gave the signal. The men lifted. The cart groaned. The right wheel crumbled around the axle. The whole weight of the thing rolled slowly over into the ditch and the shafts twisted and upset the mule, and the mule, which had always feared ditches on the right, screamed to find itself falling into what it had feared.

Errante hit the earth hard. He woke up, but with his dazedness, his surprise and his natural stupidity, he was unable to do anything except roar wordlessly.

A new fury rushed up the General's cheeks. "Middleton," he shouted, "shoot that goddam mule."

Colonel Middleton's blood froze. He shouted back: "Do you think it's wise, sir?"

The General shouted: "Goddamit, Middleton, you trying to stop the goddam invasion, too? Do what I say."

So Colonel Middleton pulled out his Colt and fired three shots into the head of the screaming mule.

The men got back into the armored car. General Marvin said: "Take me to the mayor of this goddam town."

The General's armored car pulled up in front of the Palazzo di Città. Lieut. Byrd ran up the marble stairs and burst into Major Joppolo's office.

"General Marvin's downstairs and wants to see you," the lieutenant said. "He's mad as hell, so you better hurry."

When Major Joppolo reached the armored car, he saluted. General Marvin roared: "Goddamit, do you think I have all day to wait for you? Who are you, anyway?"

"Major Joppolo, sir, senior civil affairs officer, town of Adano, sir."

"Goddamit, Major, these Italian carts are holding up our whole goddam invasion. Keep the goddam carts out of this town, you hear me?"

"Yes, sir, I'll take care of that right away."

"That's not soon enough. Goddamit, I want action. No more carts. Adano's the name of this town, remember that, Middleton, Adano. No more carts at all, Major, do you understand? Goddamit, let's get out of here, do you think I have all day?"

And before Major Joppolo could even salute, the armored car had roared away.

By the time he reached his desk again, Major Joppolo realized what the consequences of keeping the carts out of town would be. He knew very well how essential they were to the life of the place.

With a heavy heart he cranked his field telephone, got the car of Captain Purvis, head of the MPs in Adano, and ordered him in the name of General Marvin to keep all carts out of Adano.

The Major worried all day about the order. He slept badly during the night because of his worry.

Early in the morning Zito, the little usher, came up to his desk and said: "Mister Major, there are three men to see you about the carts."

Zito, the usher, says U. S. Liberty Bell would not do for Adano because of crack.



Women of Adano are arrested by Chief of Carabinieri Gargano for creating disturbance when he placed himself at head of their bread line. Joppolo tells Gargano to go to end of the line.



Borth and Joppolo stand by helplessly as General shouts in street below: "Shoot that goddam mule!"



"Well, show them in."

The three Italians were evidently poor but respected men. They were the chosen delegates of all the cartmen to argue this thing out.

The Major pointed with a fountain pen at one of the men and said in Italian: "You. What is your name?"

The man was about 60. He jumped to his feet, twisting his cap in his strong hands, and he shouted: "Afronti Pietro, Mister Major."

"Speak softly here," the Major said. "What do you desire?"

"I desire," the old man said, trying to keep his voice quiet, "to raise the question of the carts coming into the town of Adano. I desire to tell you, Mister Major, that these carts are most dear to us. I wish to tell you about my cart. It has two wooden wheels, Mister Major—"

"I have seen these carts. It is not necessary to describe the carts."

"But have you heard the music which is made by the wheels, Mister Major? You may think this is squeaking, this music, but I can hear what the wheels are trying to sing. Do you wish to hear this song, Mister Major?"

This is what Afronti sang:

*"The Americans are coming here, Signor Afronti,
The Americans are very just men,
Especially with regard to carts."*

Major Joppolo said: "Do not joke with me, old man. Come to the point."

Afronti said very softly: "The music has stopped, there is no more music, Mister Major." And he sat down abruptly.

The Major lifted his pen and pointed it at the next man. "And you," he said, "your name."

This was a man who seemed a little backward. His voice was slow and he had to think a long time before he could say his own name. Finally it came out: "Erba Carlo, Mister Major."

"And you desire?"

Erba stopped and thought. He had forgotten his speech entirely. He turned to his friends. One of them said: "Erba, the proclamation, the matter of being clean."

Erba said: "The proclamation speaks of being clean with water. This being clean takes much water and my water cart is on the other side of the bridge. You have said it may not pass."

The Major said: "Let the next one speak. You. Your name."

The third man jumped up. He was quite fat but comparatively handsome. "Basile Giovanni, Mister Major," he said.

"You wish?"

Basile spoke gravely and slowly. "Mister Major," he said, "the worst of all the things about the carts is the food. The people of Adano are starving, Mister Major."

And then with great craft Basile said: "There is nothing in all the proclamations which says that the Americans came to Adano in order to make people die of hunger. And there is nothing in all the proclamations which refers to such things as the dead mule of Errante Gaetano. Why then do we have this thing of the carts?"

The Major said to himself in English: "Damn."

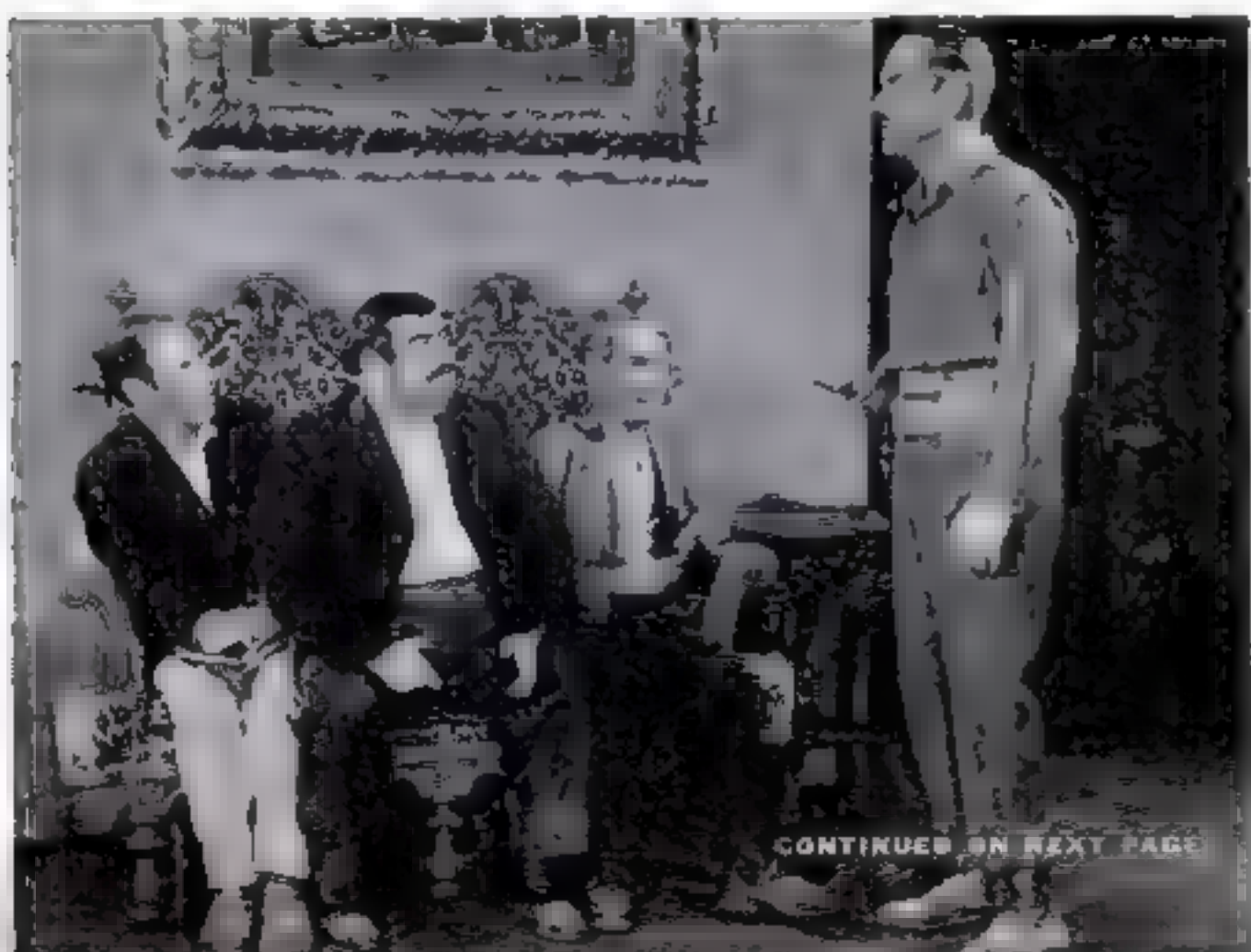
He reached for the field telephone, cranked the handle and said. "Hello. Purvis? Joppolo. This thing about the carts. I've made up my mind. By one sentence General Marvin destroyed the work of nine days in this town. I know it may mean court-martial, but I've decided to countermand his order."

Purvis evidently put up an argument.

Finally the Major said: "Listen, friend, if we never took chances around here this place would go right on being a Fascism. All right, the hell with you, it's on my responsibility."

Major Joppolo hung up. He turned to the three cartmen and said "You may bring your carts into the town."

Cart drivers beg Joppolo to let them bring food to Adano. To keep town from starving, the Major countermands General Marvin's order prohibiting carts in the town.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"I'M HEP TO PEP!"

says

**BETTY
HUTTON**

Guard
your
Pep-Appeal
as
Betty
does



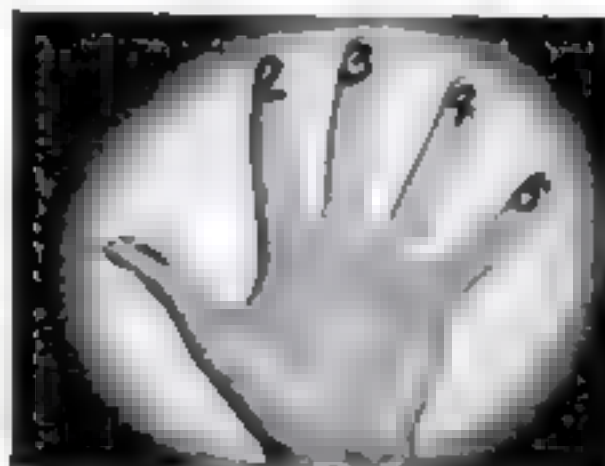
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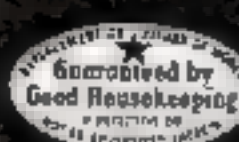
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A BELL FOR ADANO (continued)



Fascist mayor begs Captain Purvis (Bruce MacFarland) to save him from anger of the mob. Purvis is man who writes Marvin that Joppolo has let carts back into Adano.

THE MAYOR RETURNS

The day that Mayor Nasta came down from the hills Major Joppolo was having lunch with Captain Purvis at the Albergo dei Pescatori. They had just finished their *pasta* when they heard an unusual noise out in the street.

Up the center of the street a forlorn-looking man walked. He was very short and rather heavy-set. His clothes were dirty and torn. There was only one proud touch to his whole figure, and that was a pair of pince-nez spectacles balanced on his big nose.

Behind the man a large crowd walked, shouting and whistling its derision.

A boy of 12 threw a stone. Then several brickbats flew and the shouts of long-repressed hatred became shrieks of revenge.

Major Joppolo acted quickly to save the situation. He walked into the street and held up his hand for silence; he was careful to make it his left hand, so that it would not be mistaken for a Fascist salute.

"Go home, people. I will take care of this man as he deserves. He is under arrest."

Mayor Nasta whimpered in Italian: "What are you going to do with me, please tell me first. Don't shoot me from behind. . . ."

Major Joppolo said: "You are to report every morning to Sergeant Borth of the American Army. You will find him in the Fascio. That is all you have to do each day. But see that you do it, Nasta, or you will be put in jail."

This is how it happened that Mayor Nasta reported once every morning to Sergeant Borth at the Fascio. There was a small audience on hand the next morning when he reported to Sergeant Borth for the first time.

"Oho," roared Sergeant Borth, "so you are the mayor. I understand that you have come to Adano to repent your sins. Very well, let's see. This morning we will discuss the sin of your disgraceful running away from your post in the face of the American invasion. Are you sorry for this disgraceful sin, Nasta?"

Mayor Nasta could hear the people snickering behind him.

He said meekly: "I am, Mister Sergeant."

On the second morning Sergeant Borth made Mayor Nasta repent of the sin of having such a big house in this poor town and for being a grafter.

On the third morning the sergeant made him repent for being a Fascist.

On the fourth morning the sergeant made him repent for the sin of having fought for Franco in Spain, not gallantly, to be sure, but for having fought at all.

On the fifth morning the sergeant made him repent for the sin of having taken cuts on the fish market.

And so, day after day, the repentances went. And every day the crowds outside Sergeant Borth's office in the Fascio grew and the laughter got louder and louder.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



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The Boy...on furlough.
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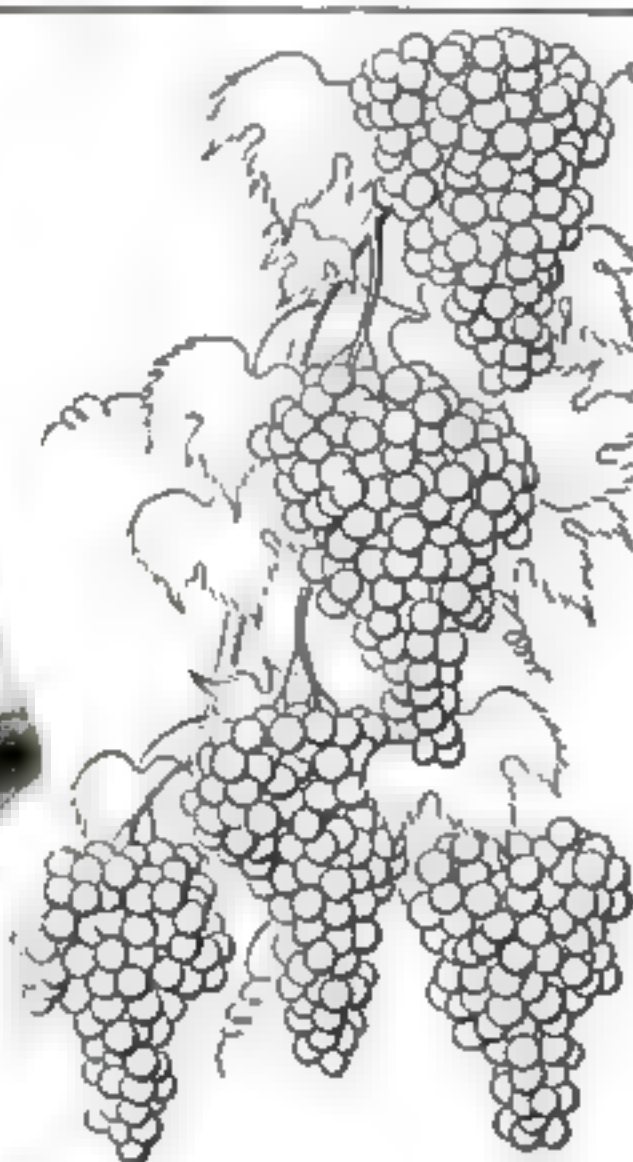
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A BELL FOR ADANO (continued)



Head fisherman of Adano (Alexander Granach) does not believe Joppolo when he says Americans will not demand protection money from him as all Fascist mayors did.

TOMASINO, THE FISHERMAN

Major Joppolo had come to the boat of old Tomasino. He recognized the boat by the fact that there was a morose-looking man sitting on the afterdeck. The Major jumped up onto the bow.

"All right, man of authority," said the morose man, "arrest me."

"I haven't come to arrest you, Tomasino," the Major said.

"I do not believe it," the morose man said. "All men of authority are alike. You came to arrest me, or perhaps to shoot me."

"It is this, Tomasino: I want you and the others to start fishing again."

"Why?" said the morose Tomasino. "So we can line the pockets of the authorities?"

"No, Tomasino, so that you can line the stomachs of the people of Adano."

"Hah," said Tomasino bitterly, "a benevolent man of authority."

"Tomasino, you don't understand. The Americans are different from the Fascists."

"Hah," said Tomasino. "I have heard that before. The Mayor Crapa said he was going to be different from the Mayor Martoglio and the Mayor Nasta after him said he was going to be different from the Mayor Crapa. The only difference was the tribute and the protection money and the taxes got higher each time. How much protection money do you want, American?"

Major Joppolo spoke harshly: "What are you talking about, fisherman? There will be no such thing under the Americans, Tomasino. That's the kind of thing we want to eliminate."

"No protection. No tribute. I do not believe it. And how much tax must we pay on the gross weight of our catch?"

"There will not be any tax on your catch, Tomasino. You will only have to pay the regular taxes. It is true that your profit will be limited to 15% of what you take in. The rest you must spend in wages to your fishermen and upkeep on your boats."

"No protection, no tribute, no special tax. You are making fun of me, American."

"Why should I make fun of you, fisherman? It is my job to run this town. I consider it my job to keep the people of this town alive. They haven't enough to eat. I want fish for them. I want you to go fishing."

Tomasino stood up. "American," he said, "I begin to think you are different from the others."

The Major said: "If you go out fishing, Tomasino, you may get hurt. Your boat might hit an American mine."

"What do I care?" said Tomasino. "I am going fishing. Mister Major, if you could know how unhappy the fishermen of Adano have been. All we want in the world is to go fishing. We will go even if we have to pay graft to the men of authority. Now you say we don't have to do that. Thank you, Mister Major."

And the old fisherman shouted, as if telling his boat: "We are going fishing! We are going fishing! We are going fishing!"

CONTINUE ON PAGE 81

THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING!



This is the way it will be:

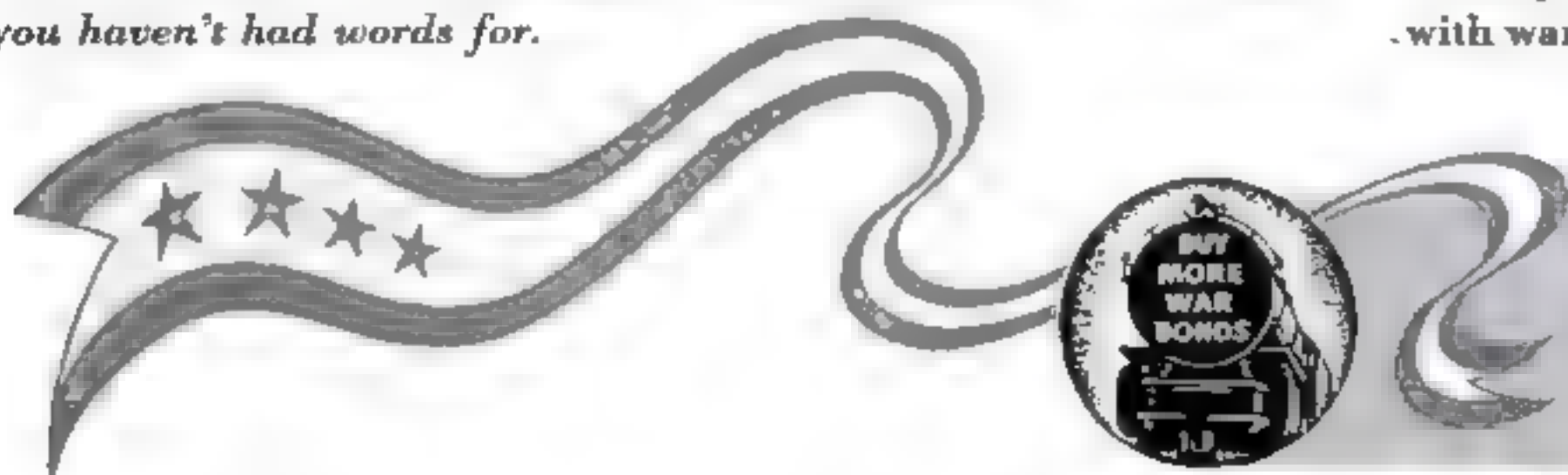
The train will come rolling triumphantly down the rails and halt at your station.

Down the steps will come a lean, hard, confident figure, topped by a grin you've longed to see.

The war will be over — and you can ease the ache that has been in your arms with a long, tight embrace that says all the things you haven't had words for.

Yes, the war will be over. But our work won't. We will have many things to do—for him, for you, for the finer future we're fighting for—and it is our aim to do them. You want, and we want to give you, finer cars, better roadbeds, faster, more modern motive power to replace the hard-working equipment now rapidly wearing out under war's doubled load.

The big thing is that the great day that's coming can be more than a day of victorious reunion. It can also be a day of fresh starting in the shaping of a finer America. For him you are waiting to welcome home—for you who have been so patient with war-imposed travel limitations—we intend to do our share in making it just such a day.



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A BELL FOR ADANO (continued)



Tina (played by Margo) confesses to Major Joppolo that her blonde hair is not natural. "Everyone here has dark hair," Tina explains. "I wanted something different."

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER

Major Joppolo loved his wife. He missed her terribly. When after many months, he found himself near a moderately pretty girl he was first excited by her prettiness; then he grew sad and talked about the one he loved back home; then he was blackly lonely; then he caught himself thinking more and more often about the pretty one who was close by, and he was a little ashamed of thinking about her and tried not to, but couldn't help it.

Major Joppolo's case was not as unique as he thought. He was just terribly lonely, and he was just behaving the way most men do in the face of such loneliness.

Tina said: "Mister Major, I want to talk with you," and she stretched out her hand for his and led him into her bedroom.

"I want to ask you something, Mister Major," Tina said.

"Yes?" the Major said. He did not know what to expect, but he expected it would please him whatever it was.

"How long do you think the war will last? Here on Italian soil, I mean."

The Major found that he was not pleased. "That's a very serious question," he said. "Let's not talk about war. That's all I have all day long—war, war, war."

"But I have a special reason for wanting to know," Tina said. "How long do you think it will last?"

"How should I know?" the Major asked. His voice was a little testy.

"How long do you think it will be before our Italian prisoners of war are released?"

Major Joppolo got the point very quickly, and it did not please him in the least. "You have a sweetheart who has been captured?"

"I don't know whether he has been captured or killed or what. That is the bad part. Giorgio and I were going to be married. Can you find out for me whether he is a prisoner, Mister Major?"

"A hundred people come in my office every day asking me this. The war is still going on. We can't just stop in the middle of the battle and open up a question-and answer service for forlorn lovers."

"Oh, don't, Mister Major. You had been so nice. I thought—"

"Is this why you sent your father to invite me to your house? So that I could track down your lover?" Major Joppolo said. "I'm sorry that you have a mistaken idea of how I work. If you have business to do with me, come to my office. I will give you equal treatment with all the others."

The Major left. Later Major Joppolo was angry with himself for his childish petulance with Tina. He told himself that he had no right to expect anything else. But he couldn't bring himself to apologize to her, and for several days and nights he did not see her.

He had no way of knowing that Tina was just as lonely as he was.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

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Lieut. Livingston of Kent, Yale and the U. S. Navy is not much impressed by Victor Joppolo of the Bronx when they first meet. Later he helps Joppolo get a bell for Adano.

A BELL IS FOUND

Major Joppolo showed up at the Navy Club for his drink at exactly 6 o'clock. Lieut. Livingston introduced Major Joppolo around, and he had apparently been telling the others what a good guy the Major was because their responses were cordial.

"Navy's the only bunch that can get anything done around here," the Major said. "Don't know what I'd do without this fellow Livingston."

Livingston glowed but said: "I haven't done anything, Major."

"Don't hand me that stuff," the Major said to Livingston. Then he turned to the others. "Listen, every time I try to get anything out of the Army, they tell me to put it in writing. Now Livingston here—"

"That reminds me," Livingston said. "You said you had something on your mind this morning."

"Matter of fact, I have." And he told about Adano's 700-year-old bell. Two drinks had made his mind relax and he told his story beautifully.

His audience was just right. The Navy has a quick sense of tradition. Major Joppolo finished: "I think I want to get this town the right bell more than I've ever wanted anything in my life."

Commander Robertson was the first one to speak. "Seems to me we ought to be able to find a bell," he said.

"Lots of bells in the Navy," said Robertson's communications officer.

The commander said: "How would this be, Major? There's a ship—a destroyer—she's named for an Italian-American, the USS *Corelli*, you know her, boys. Well, all destroyers have ship's bells. There's a reason why the *Corelli*'s in on this invasion. There was something about Captain Corelli, the guy it was named for. It was something about going to the assistance of an Italian ship that was being attacked by a U-boat in the last war. Italy was our ally then, you know. There's a good tie-in there, Major."

Major Joppolo said: "Maybe it's all right."

Lieut. Livingston, who didn't want to miss out on the credit which Major Joppolo had been handing out, said: "Do you think we could get the *Corelli* to give up her bell? Would you give up yours?"

Commander Robertson said: "For a thing like this, if it was put to me in the right way, I think I would. The good thing is that Toot Dowling—he has the *Corelli*—he was in my class at the Academy. Hell, I'm sure I could persuade him."

"Do you really think you can get it?" Lieut. Livingston said.

"From Toot Dowling?" The commander laughed. "Hell, he's a pushover. . . ."

At about 9:30 in the morning, a U. S. Navy truck pulled up in front of the Palazzo. A chief petty officer and five men unloaded a crate onto the sidewalk, and the chief went inside and delivered a note for Major Victor Joppolo. He opened the note and read:

"Dear Major:

"The U. S. Navy is delighted to be able to do the U. S. Army a favor. Here is your bell. . . ."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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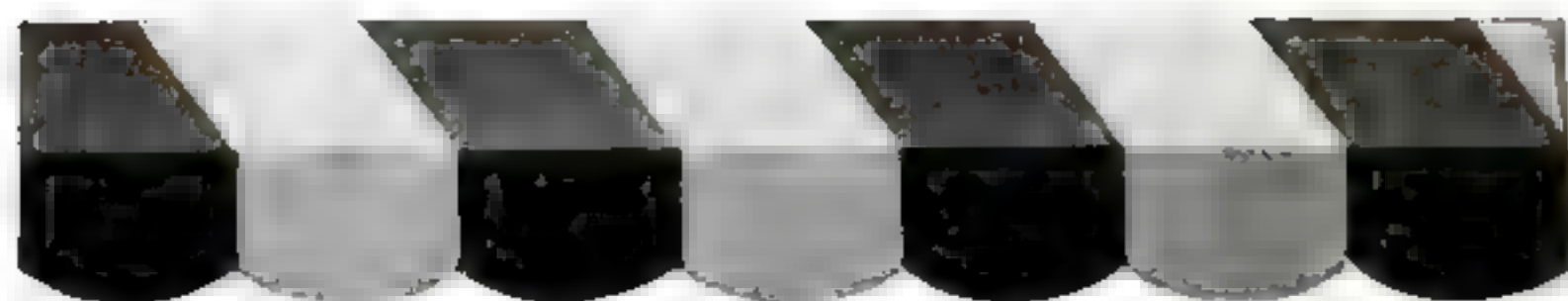
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Admiral George Dewey, commanding a squadron of American warships, engaged the Spanish fleet under cover of darkness, the American fleet took by overwhelming victory. Admiral Dewey was rewarded for his brilliant strategy and was recommended for the Medal of Honor.

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A BELL FOR ADANO (continued)



Portrait of Joppolo is presented to him by officials who make long speeches in appreciation of what he has done for Adano. Joppolo can only murmur, "Thank you."

A PRESENT FOR THE MAJOR

In Lojacono's studio—if a single room with small windows could be called a painter's studio—a delegation of town officials stood around and criticized as the white-haired artist tried to work.

The old man stood before two easels. One held his unfinished painting, the other his subject: the photograph of Major Joppolo made by the crazy Spataforo.

D'Arpa, the vice mayor, said in his little weasel's voice: "Should the nose seem to recline on the mustache in such comfort? I think that nose is asleep."

Saitta said: "Could not the background be cleaned up a little?"

The white-haired painter turned on his critics and said:

"It is not finished. Can you get that through your thick official skulls? Now for the first time in months I have a subject of which I wish to make a superior painting. What happens? I get into my work, I begin to love it, my brush seems deft in my hand. Then what happens? Officials visit me, men who know less about art than I do about cleaning streets and they criticize my work though it is not finished. When it is done, I promise that you will like it."

D'Arpa said in his high voice: "It is more important that the Mister Major should like it."

The old painter said: "He will, I promise it."

Gargano placed both hands over his heart and said: "He must, old man, or else the whole point of our presenting it to him will be destroyed."

And then the old man said, as if to the face in the photograph: "This is a portrait I wish to make as nearly good as my talents will allow. There are many things I hope this painting will have—when it is finished." He said this last grimly for the benefit of his critics.

He went on to tell what he was trying to achieve in this painting. "The main thing I hope this painting will have is the life and breath of the Mister Major. In the eyes I hope there will be a slight look of mischief which I have seen there, something which I think shows that he is rather fond of young ladies." He turned on Gargano severely: "But that is not all that I intend to have in the eyes."

He went on: "In the way the mustache is trimmed there will be a little vanity, not too much, just enough to make a man dress neatly and look once, not twice, in every mirror he passes."

D'Arpa said in a high voice: "These are ridiculous little things, what about the big things?"

Lojacono said: "Sometimes I think you are a ridiculous little man. The big things come from the little things. I am not finished."

D'Arpa said: "Go on, old man."

"In the chin there will be strength, in the ears, alertness; in the fix of the hair, neatness; in the cheeks, a sympathetic warmth. You will like it," the old man said. "So will he."

D'Arpa said again: "But the big things, what about the big things?"

The old man said: "There is only one big thing, really. All the others are tied up in it. It is the wish, which is visible in this man's face, that each person in this town should be happy."

GOODBY TO JOPPOLO

General Marvin believed in what he called "keeping in touch." Accordingly he had his aide, Lieut. Byrd, read to him for about an hour each morning. That Monday morning the lieutenant read him Ernie Pyle's column, a condensation of birth control in the *Reader's Digest*, a handful of fan letters arising from an article about the General in some magazine and a letter of commendation of the General from Secretary Stimson referring to a battle in Tunisia. This last had arrived several days before and without being told Lieut. Byrd had had the sense to read it to the General every morning.

By the time these things were finished, the General was in an excellent mood. But as always seemed to be the case, when Lieut. Byrd started in on the memoranda from various officers, the old man gradually got angry.

Lieut. Byrd picked up one of the memoranda and read: "To General Marvin for information etc. etc., routing address, and so forth. Subject: mule carts, town of Adano."

The General rumbled: "Goddam mule carts."

Lieut. Byrd read: "On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Order carried out . . ."

The General said: "Goddam right, stop the goddam carts. They better carry out the goddam order."

Lieut. Byrd droned on hardly noticing what he read: "On July 20, guards were removed on order of Major—"

Lieut. Byrd suddenly realized what he was reading. He put the memorandum down and picked up the next.

But the General roared: "Finish it, goddamit, finish it."

The Lieutenant read: ". . . were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, civil affairs officer, town of Adano, because carts were essential to town and town was—"

Now the General had forgotten about finishing the memorandum.

"Middleton!" he shouted, his face the color of distant mountains. "Come in here, Middleton."

The colonel came in.

"Middleton, remember the name of Joppolo, a lousy sonofabitching little wop named Joppolo?"

Colonel Middleton said, with a tired face: "Yes, sir. The carts."

The General stood up. "Goddamit," he said. "I've had enough of that little wop, Middleton. Order him to report back to Algiers for reassignment. Make out a separate report to Algiers explaining why. I'll fix that little bastard. Get it off today, too, goddamit, none of your goddam delays, Middleton."

"Yes sir," the tired voice said.



Joppolo leaves Adano on Marvin's orders as the bell from the *Corvets* booms out its first notes. "Listen!" cries Joppolo to Borth. "It shakes the whole damn building."

LIGHT UP...AND ENJOY

Guy Kibbee

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BLACKSTONE CIGAR



[CIGAR STORE SCENE]

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MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON KAVANAUGH STANDS IN THE SALON OF HER NEW YORK MANSION HOLDING THE ORCHID CORSAGE SHE WILL PIN ON HER ERMINE WRAP WHEN SHE GOES TO OPERA

Life Goes to Opening Night at the Opera with Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh

The opening night of the Metropolitan Opera's 61st season on Nov. 27 was a great occasion for Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh, 78, a society grandmother who lives in Spring Lake, N. J. and Manhattan. Mrs. Kavanaugh usually shares the first-night spotlight with Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt but this year

Mrs. Vanderbilt could not come. The Countess of Athlone, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, was there but she wore only a few pearls around her neck and on her ears. Mrs. Kavanaugh easily outdazzled her with what one observer called "a couple of quarts" of jewelry—a diamond tiara, diamond necklace with huge emer-

ald pendant, assorted diamond rings, four diamond and emerald bracelets on one arm and a big platinum and diamond spray on the other. The picture on the opposite page shows Mrs. Kavanaugh at home on the big night, all dressed up and ready to go. Pictures below show what she did when she got to the opera.



Arriving early, Mrs. Kavanaugh and her daughter, Mrs. Leonora Warner (left), sat through three acts in their \$9.60 seats in the front row. This was Mrs. Kavanaugh's 25th first night.



Between acts they sat at a table in Sherry's bar in back of Diamond Horseshoe. They just had time to order champagne when a friend came by and kissed Mrs. Warner's long blue glove.



Lily Pons sat down at their table wearing a hat that looked like a big Dixie cup, a strapless-backless evening gown and a gold necklace that was given to her by the Empress of Persia.



Mrs. Lyon Boston (right) drank a plebeian glass of beer with Mrs. Kavanaugh, whose family fortune is said to have started in a brewery. Friends sent many of these drinks to her table.



Ted Gaillard, another guest, took a whisky straight. Mrs. Kavanaugh's husband did not come. He is a retired cotton magnate and was appointed Colonel by a New York Governor in 1894.



After the opera Mrs. Kavanaugh and friends went to El Morocco, night club where seats are zebra-striped, to talk about music and other things. The opera that they had heard was *Faust*.



The Diamond Horseshoe, lowest tier of boxes, is traditionally the most glamorous place in the Metropolitan. This photograph by Alfred Eisenstaedt looks through Opera Manager Edward Johnson's box. The ermine-clad young woman in foreground is Mrs. Jack Kriessler, wife of the

owner of "21," once a famous speakeasy and now a high-class hangout for people of theatrical, literary and social importance. Enough ermine to carpet the opera house's floor was worn opening night this year. Society reporters agreed it was dressiest first night since the war began.



Opera Club members and guests relax during intermission on opening night. Atmosphere here was much quieter than in Sherry's, where Mrs. Kavanaugh held forth. Club members may be suspended for talking or making noise during a performance.

AUDIENCE IS A STRANGE MIXTURE

A first-night audience at the Met in New York is one of the most remarkable collections of human beings to be found anywhere in the world. Besides Mrs. Kavanaugh and the Countess, this year's first-nighters included Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, Dr. and Mme. H. H. Kung, Mme. Ganna Walska, Señora Fulgencio Batista, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Gladys Swarthout, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Vera Zorina, and Irving Geist, a blouse manufacturer who invited Frank Sinatra (who did not come). The member of the audience who deserved the most credit was a mailman from Flushing, N. Y. named Herman Jaeger who stood in line in the rain for ten hours to buy standing room for \$2.40. He said he had never heard an opera until last year and now he cannot think of anything else. But the people to whom the reporters paid most attention were the expensively dressed ones who took the singing as a matter of course.

The most fashionable place to go for refreshments on the first night was the swank Metropolitan Opera Club. Membership is limited to men "of good moral character" who pay \$100 to join and \$50 a year. They sit in a special section called the "club box." Club rules provide that members must wear boiled shirts to evening performances. For this they are called "The Penguins."



The **Opera Club** was a busy but not hectic place on opening night. Members entertain ladies in only one of their two rooms, which are divided by screen. One club rule says that lady guests may not wear hats in the club box on Saturday afternoons.

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LIFE'S REPORTS

NOTES FROM PARIS

Words & Pictures by NOEL F. BUSCH

LIFE Editor Noel F. Busch is known to readers for his close-ups of such figures as Anthony Eden, Jan Smuts and Air Marshal Tedder. While in France last month preparing the close-up of General de Gaulle (LIFE, Nov. 13), Mr. Busch, his trained reporter's ear ever to the ground for the prescient event, collected the miscellaneous but enlightening items printed below. A journalistic Leonardo, Mr. Busch frets at the limitations of his own medium. Two years ago, while in Egypt, he turned to the camera and produced a dramatic picture sequence on the efforts of six Egyptians to chop down a palm tree (LIFE's Reports, "Two Good Friends, or The Old Dead Tree," April 19, 1943). There were certain discrepancies in the shadow cast by the tree in that series that were pounced on by LIFE's observant readers. Forsaking the camera for the more plastic qualities of the Eagle Pencil No. 2, Busch has sent his latest notes along with, as he describes them, "some good accompanying drawings made by myself."

PARIS

Immortals: The French Academy of Ethical and Political Science publicly and unanimously elected President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill honorary foreign members. The day before, the Academy had voted in private not to exclude Marshal Pétain as a member. "Will these men appreciate the 'honor' which has been accorded them," sniffed *France-Tireur*, "to become colleagues of Marshal Pétain? It is doubtful." A spokesman for the Academy hastened to explain why Pétain had not been ousted. "Our discussions were long," he said. "Views differed. We decided to do nothing."

Zaxon: Operating under the same natural law which provides that trout in New Zealand have speckles almost identical with those in Turkey, wartime musical exaggerations in Paris led to a cult analogous to the U. S. craze for zoot suits. In Paris extreme jazz is called *zaxon*; *zaxon* enthusiasts compete for mutual attention by wearing, in addition to zoot suits, gold wrist watches with black faces.

Pig: Bravely led by Lieut. Carlo Accamo of San Francisco, a patrol of the U. S. 2nd Infantry Division was disconcertingly followed into German territory by a ponderous, pink French pig who, when the patrol drew enemy fire, grunted.



A FRIENDLY FRENCH PIG FOLLOWS U. S. INFANTRYMEN INTO ENEMY TERRITORY

Fruit: Pears, wrapped in gauze bags while growing to protect them from birds, appeared nude in fruit stores. Red apples, often improved in France by small white designs achieved by pasting paper patterns on their skins which cause spots in the desired shapes, appeared with better pictures than usual: African beauties, angry rabbits, shade trees, constellations.

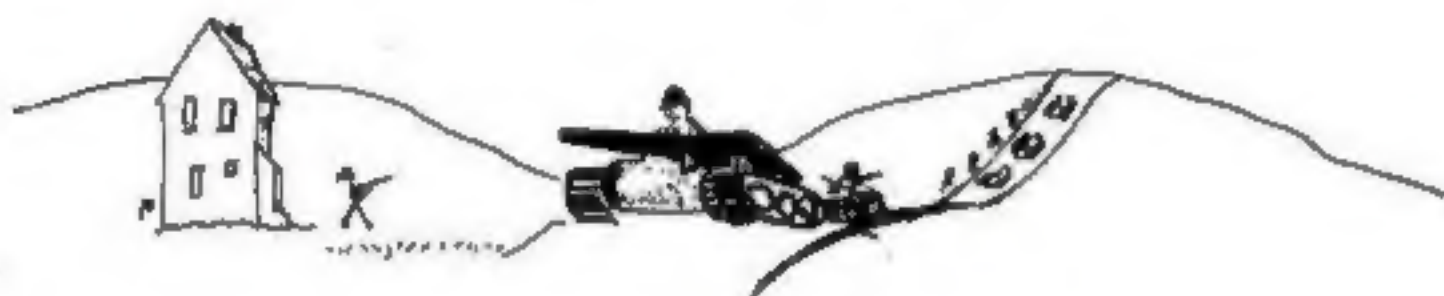
Beverage: Depressed by the gay GI custom of shaking champagne bottles and shooting the cork to the ceiling, the house of Pommery & Greno printed thousands of small advertising booklets entitled *Hints to the Champagne Drinker* for distribution among U. S. soldiers. Pommery & Greno solemnly hinted that "Decency requires not to let the cork pop off."

Servant Problem: Want ad: "One wants a mother-cook or maid-of-all-work with a debutante-chambermaid-daughter, for a house. References come forth. . . ."

Actress: Attending the reopening of Maxim's, Elina LaCourdette, brilliant young French movie actress, astounded American guests at her table by her mastery of English including her daring use of the past pluperfect, contrary-to-fact conditional, or histrionic aorist, tense "should have had had," as in "I should have had had the part of etc., etc."

Sport: Well-reasoned prediction by the discreet racing expert of *Le Figaro*: "The scratching of Verso II, victim of a recent accident, deprives the Arc de Triomphe Prize of a certainty. In his absence the 1,200,000 francs should go to Norseman, Folle Nuit, un Gaillard, Esmeralda or Lazar. Norseman will break fast but in heavy going Lazar will finish well. The whole thing for him is not to be too much outdistanced."

Impudence: North of Reims, where villagers lined up along the roadside to wave greetings to passing U. S. tanks and supply cars en route to the front, one anonymous picayune French citizen of less than school age refused to comply. Equipped with a small stick, he pretended this was a gun, placed it against his shoulder and pointed at the tanks, squealing, "Bang!"



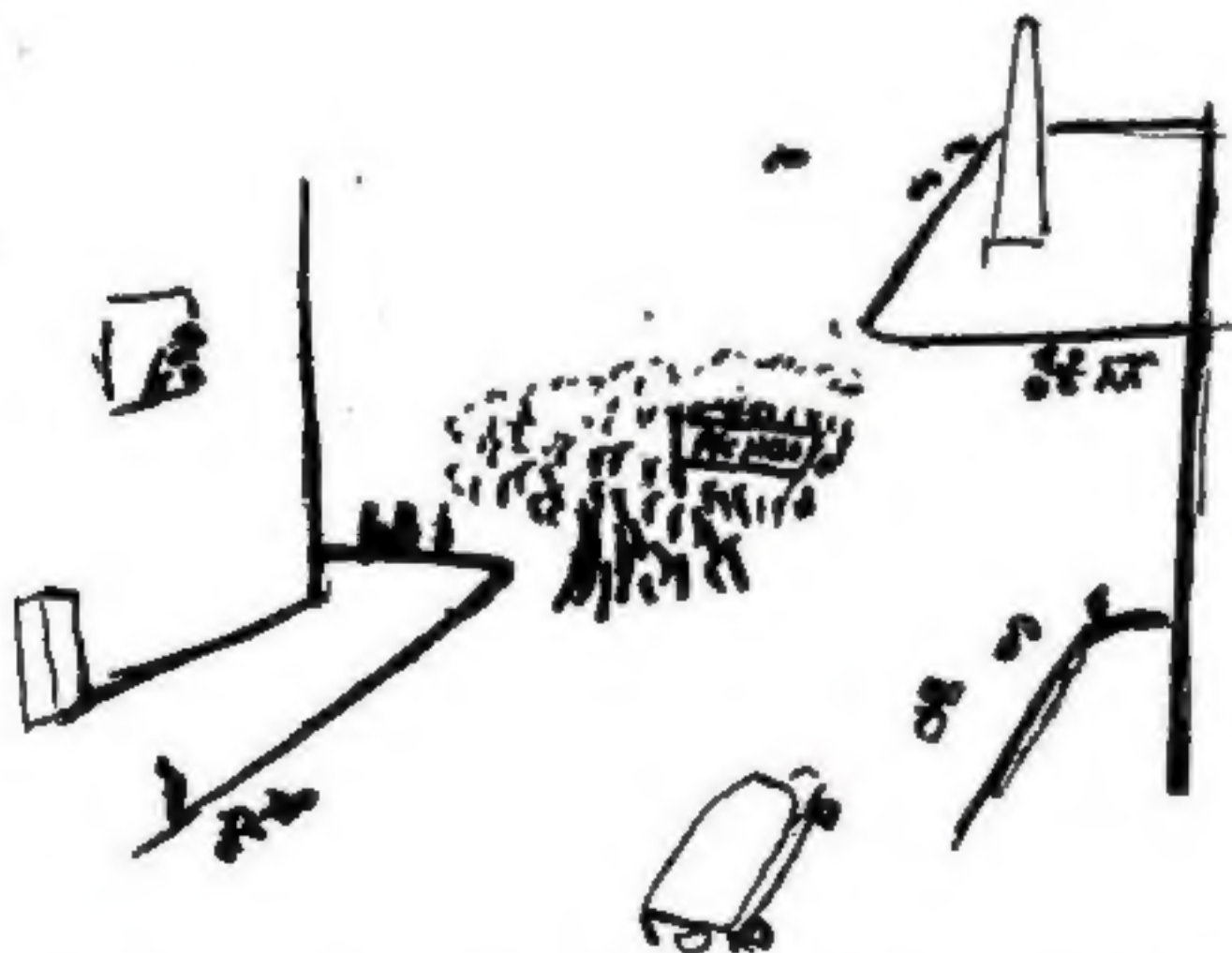
U. S. TANKS NORTH OF REIMS ENCOUNTER INTRANSIGENT YOUNG FRENCHMAN

Picnic: Jean Morin, driver of a horse cab, had his wife bring to his accustomed stand on the Rue de la Paix a lunch for two consisting of a long loaf of bread, some sausage and a bottle of wine which he and she then ate, sitting together in the back seat of the cab with the curtains drawn as shelter from light rain.

Candor: The manager of the *Journal Officiel* inserted an announcement in the *Journal Officiel* explaining that, for one reason and another, he had been detached from his job as manager of the *Journal Officiel*.

Exhibition: Five thousand Parisians daily inspect the toy soldiers at the Musée Cognacq-Jay where the Society of Collectors of Historic Figurines is currently holding its ninth exhibition. All the Society, mostly white-haired, boutonniereed dignitaries with walking sticks, were on hand for the show's opening to note whether their contributions were well placed.

Riots of a mild type were held by students in the Place de la Concorde on successive days to 1) celebrate passing their baccalaureate examinations and 2) protest to the Marine Ministry against the action of Pablo Picasso in joining the Communist Party.



STUDENTS PROTEST ARTIST PICASSO'S AFFILIATION WITH COMMUNIST PARTY

Fashion: Reciprocating the enthusiasm of U. S. jeep drivers who name their vehicles *J'ai Soif*, *Yeux Étincelants*, *Voulez-Vous* or *Je Veux Bien*, leading couturiers advertised dresses named *Tea for Two*, *Union Jack*, *Flying Fortress*, *Jeep*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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LIFE'S REPORTS (continued).

Host: After adding up his accounts at the bar of the Hôtel Scribe, appropriately named hostelry reserved for German correspondents during the occupation and American correspondents during the liberation, the bartender proudly revealed that, while wine and beer consumption were identical, U. S. correspondents drank up exactly as much brandy in a day as their enemy colleagues had in a month.

American Colony: Frank Maier, bartender at the Ritz, was having trouble with his eyes but could still recognize old friends; the Marquise de Polignac, née Nina Crosby of New York, was in an internment camp at Drancy awaiting trial for collaborationist activities; Sylvia Beach, codiscoverer, publisher and backer of Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce and others, reopened the flat above the one in which she lived during the occupation, containing her valuable collection of photographs and manuscripts.

Headline:
"M. HERBERT LEHMAN IS IN PARIS
SOON EGGS AND POTATOES WILL
FALL FROM THE HEAVENS"

Jokes: (Satirical.) (Property of Serge Paul, monologist at the Cabaret Black Cat, reproduction forbidden): "Two autos succeeded in colliding at a cross street. The traffic policeman was promoted to brigadier and the chauffeurs have been felicitated on this return to sound traditions."

(Anti-German): Two Gestapo men met. First: "What do you think of Hitler?" Second: "The same as you." First: "I arrest you."

(Political): A lady with twins named Franklin and Churchill was asked how she told them apart. Her reply: "When both wet themselves in my lap at the same time, the one who turns around and smiles is Franklin."



THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS FRANKLIN

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On Feet For Over 30 Years

Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Just *how* do you want to say it?

Obviously—a Christmas gift of such distinguished character as Canadian Club has a rather special significance. It is only the very heartfelt and the warm and the glowing kind of Merry Christmas that this renowned whisky is asked to convey. It is for someone who you feel should have the very finest—no less. And if that's the way you feel about him—this is the way to wish him "*Merry Christmas!*"

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof





IT WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS

WITHOUT . . .

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

To Americans wherever they may be—in foreign lands or here at home—Whitman's Chocolates are a precious part of the holiday sentiment! What other gift says "Merry Christmas" so graciously? You'll be glad to know that many millions of boxes of Whitman's have gone to Service men and women that they, too, may have Whitman's for Christmas.



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A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS